

A Monox

THE
Temple of Death,
A
POEM;

Written by the Marquess of
NORMANBY.

Horace of the Art of Poetry,
Made English by the Earl of Roscommon.

THE
Duel of the STAGS,

By the Honourable Sir Robert Howard.

Together

With several other Excellent Poems by the
Earls of *Rochester* and *Orrery*, Sir *Charles*
Sedley, Sir *George Etheridge*, the Honourable
Mr. *Montague*, Mr. *Granville*, Mr. *Dryden*,
Mr. *Chetwood*, and Mr. *Tate*.

To which is added several Poems of the Honourable
Madam *Wharton*.

Philippe Hallet

The Second Edition Corrected.

L O N D O N

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for the year 1882

Part of the 21st Session

With facing on the left the names of the members of the Legislature, and on the right the names of the members of the Senate, and on the opposite page the names of the members of the Assembly.

The Second Session of the Legislature

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THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.

I Was desirous to make the Publick a Present, without being at the same time oblig'd to make an Apology. The present Collection of Poems has afforded me an occasion to perform it. They all carry such Credentials, as not only to justify the good Taste of our Age and Nation, in the Gene-

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To the Reader.

ral Approbation that has been given of the greater part of them, but likewise to authorize their demanding the Reception of all Posterity. It is neither my Province, nor have I the Presumption to shew, that the Performances of such Illustrious Hands, as this Collection is made up of, will stand the Test of the severest Criticisms, and are work'd according to the Standard Rules of Poetry: but the best Judges I could advise with, have assur'd me they are so; and it is my Duty as well as Pride, to acquiesce in their Authority, and Recommendation. Nevertheless, supposing some small oversights shall have been committed for want of a due Review;

To the Reader.

Review: yet I must beg the Courteous Reader to be pleas'd to consider, that the Richest Ore will have some Dross; notwithstanding which I despair not of so Honourable a Reception, as shall hereafter give Encouragement for a Second Volume.

The *French* have lately Publish'd Five or Six Volumes of their choicest Poems, by several Hands; but I must beg, that this Collection may not be thought to be done in imitation of them. We are pretty well recovered from the Servile way of following their Modes; and this Publication is an effect of Emulation, to shew, That as the *English* Genius and Language

To the Reader.

for the *Drama* and for *Epick Poetry*, has been granted, infinitely to excel theirs ; so we have no less the Advantage in the less, tho' nice Productions of the Nature of these Collections. Their Gallantry and Courtship is what we justly condemn as Foppery ; and their Panegyricks are made up of nothing but Intolerable Dawbing : whereas in this Collection you will find Performances of the Sublimest Fancy, Govern'd by Solidity of Judgment, and Polish'd by the utmost Delicacy of Art ; which sufficiently demonstrates , that our Great Patrons , the *Mecænases* of Poetry, can, when they please, be the *Virgils* and *Horaces* too.

I shall

To the Reader.

I shall no longer detain the *Courteous Reader*, than to give him my Affurances that all Care and Diligence has been used as well by the Printer as my self, to render this Impression becoming such finisht Pieces from so Masterly Hands.

F. S.

THE

To the Reader.

I shall no longer detain the Com-
mons Reader, than to give him my
Assurance that all Care and Diligence
has been used as well by the
Printer as myself to render this
Impression becoming such small
Pieces from so Masterly Hands.

F. S.

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THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
ART of POETRY.

I Have seldom known a *Trick* succeed, and will put none upon the Reader ; But tell him plainly that I think it could never be more seasonable than now to lay down such Rules, as if they be observ'd , will make Men write more Correctly , and judge more discreetly ; But Horace must be read seriously or not at all, for else the Reader wo'n't be the better for him, and I shall have lost my labour. I have kept as close as I could, both to the Meaning, and the words of the Author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive ; And I have often ask'd my self that Question. I know this is a Field

B

Per

The Preface to the Art of Poetry.

Per quem Magnus Equos Arunci flexit
Alumnus.

But with all the respect due to the name of Ben. Johnson, to which no Man pays more Veneration than I; it cannot be deny'd, that the constraint of Rhyme, and a literal Translation (to which Horace in this Book declares himself an Enemy) has made him want a Comment in many places.

My chief care has been to Write intelligibly, and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a Line or two to explain it.

I am below the Envy of the Criticks, but if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace ow'd his Favour and his Fortune to the Character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that in their Golden Age, there was a good Understanding among the Ingenious, and those who were the most Esteem'd were the best Natur'd.

Roscommon.

OF

OF THIS
TRANSLATION,
And of the

Use of Poetry :

B Y

Edmund Waller, Esq;

Rome was not better by her *Horace* taught;
Than we are here, to comprehend his
thought :

The Poet writ to Noble *Piso*, there,
A Noble *Piso* does instruct us here,
Gives us a pattern in his flowing Stile,
And with rich Precepts does oblige our Isle,

The Use of Poetry.

Britain, whose Genius is in Verse express'd
Bold and sublime, but negligently dress'd.

Horace will our superfluous Branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our Harp in tune,
Direct us how to back the winged Horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his Force;
Though Poets may of Inspiration boast,
Their Rage ill govern'd, in the Clouds is lost;
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his Fancy and his Judgment shows.

Chast moral Writing we may learn from hence
Neglect of which no wit can recompence;
The Fountain which from *Helicon* proceeds,
That sacred Stream should never water weeds,
Nor make the Crop of Thorns and Thistles grow
Which Envy or perverted Nature sow.

Well-sounding Verses are the Charm we use,
Heroick thoughts, and vertue to infuse;
Things of deep sense we may in Prose unfold,
But they move more, in lofty numbers told;

By

By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids, ~
We learn that sound, as well as sense perswades.

The Muse's Friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that Err;
But where a brave, a publick Action shines,
That he rewards with his Immortal Lines;
Whether it be in Counsel or in Fight,
His Countrey's Honour is his chief delight;
Praise of great Acts, he scatters as a seed,
Which may the like, in coming Ages breed :

Here taught the fate of Verses, always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd,
Men will be less indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts;
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known, what they discreetly blot,
Finding new words, that to the ravish't Ear,
May like the Language of the Gods appear,

Such as of old, wise Bards employ'd, to make
Unpolish't men their wild retreats forsake,

Law-giving-Heroes, fam'd for taming Brutes,
And raising Cities with their Charming Lutes,
For rudest minds, with Harmony were caught :
And civil Life was by the Muses taught.

So wandring Bees would perish in the Air,
Did not a sound, proportion'd to their Ear,
Appease their rage, invite them to the Hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive,
To rob the Flowers, and to forbear the spoil,
Preserv'd in Winter by their Summers toyl,
They give us food, which may with Nectar Vie,
And Wax that does, the absent Sun supply.

H O R A C E

OF THE

Art of Poetry.

By the EARL of Roscommon.

IF in a Picture (*Piso*) you should see
 A handsome Woman with a Fishes Tail,
 Or a Man's Head upon a Horse's Neck,
 Or Limbs of Beasts of the most different kinds,
 Cover'd with Feathers of all sorts of Birds,
 Wou'd you not laugh, and think the Painter mad?
 Trust me that Book is as ridiculous,
 Whose incoherent Stile (like sick Mens Dreams)
 Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extreams.
 Painters and Poets have been still allow'd,
 Their Pencils, and their Fancies unconfin'd,
 This priviledge we freely give and take ;

But Nature, and the Common Laws of Sense,
Forbid to reconcile *Antipathies*,
Or make a Snake engender with a Dove,
And hungry Tygers court the tender Lambs ;
Some that at first have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themselves, when a few florid Lines
Shine through th' insipid dulness of the rest ;
Here they describe a Temple, or a Wood,
Or Streams that through delightful Meadows run,
And there the Rainbow, or the rapid *Rhine*,
But they misplace them all, and croud them in,
And are as much to seek in other things,
As he that only can design a Tree,
Would be to draw a Shipwreck or a Storm.
When you begin with so much Pomp and Show,
Why is the end so little and so low ?
Be what you will, so you be still the same.
Most Poets fall into the grossest faults,
Deluded by a seeming Excellence :
By striving to be short, they grow Obscure,

And

And when they would write smoothly they want
strength,

Their Spirits sink ; while others that affect
A lofty Stile, swell to a Tympany ;
Some timorous wretches start at every blast,
And fearing Tempests, dare not leave the Shore ;
Others in love with wild variety,
Draw Boars in Waves, and Dolphins in a Wood ;
Thus fear of Erring, joyn'd with want of Skill,
Is a most certain way of Erring still.

The meanest Workman in the Æmilian Square,
May grave the Nails, or imitate the Hair,
But cannot finish what he hath begun ;
What is there more ridiculous than he ?

For one or two good features in a Face
Where all the rest are scandalously ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let Poets match their Subject to their strength,
And often try what weight they can support,
And what their Shoulders are too weak to bear,

After

After a serious and judicious choice,
Method and Eloquence will never fail ;
As well the Force as Ornament of Verse,
Consist in choosing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a Muse should be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.
Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with skill,
You gain your point, if your industrious Art
Can make unusual words easie and plain,
But (if you write of things Abstruse or New)
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
(So it be seldom and discreetly done)
But he that hopes to have new Words allow'd,
Must so derive them from the Græcian Spring,
As they may seem to flow without constraint ;
Can an Impartial Reader discommend
In *Varus*, or in *Virgil* what he likes ?
In *Plautus* or *Cæcilius* ? Why should I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,
When *Ennius* and *Cato*'s copious Style

Have

Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our Tongue?
 Men ever had, and ever will have leave,
 To coin new words well suited to the age:
 Words are like Leaves, some wither every year,
 And every year a younger Race succeeds;
 Death is a Tribute all things owe to Fate;
 The *Lucrine* Mole (*Cæsar's* stupendous Work)
 Protects our Navies from the raging North;
 And (since *Cethegus* drain'd the *Pontin Lake*)
 We Plow and Reap where former Ages row'd.
 See how the *Tyber* (whose licentious Waves
 So often overflow'd the neighbouring Fields,)
 Now runs a smooth and inoffensive Course,
 Confin'd by our great Emperor's Command;
 Yet this and they, and all will be forgot;
 Why then should Words challenge Eternity,
 When greatest Men, and greatest Actions dye?
 Use may revive the obsoletest Words,
 And banish those that now are most in Vogue;
 Use is the Judge, the Law, and rule of Speech.

Homer

Homer first taught the World in Epick Verse
(To write of great Commanders, and of Kings,
Elegies were at first design'd for Grief,
Though now we use them to express our Joy)
But to whose Muse we owe that sort of Verse,
Is undecided by the Men of Skill.

Rage with Iambick's, arm'd *Archilochus*

Numbers for Dialogue and action fit,
And favourites of the Dramatick Muse.

Fierce, Lofty, Rapid, whose commanding sound
Awes the tumultuous noises of the Pit,

And whose peculiar Province is the Stage:

Gods, Heroes, Conquerors, Olympick Crowns
Loves pleasing Cares, and the free joys of Wine,
Are proper subjects for the Lyrick Song.

Why is he honour'd with a Poet's Name,
Who neither knows, nor would observe a Rule?

And chuses to be Ignorant and Proud,

Rather than own his Ignorance, and Learn,
Let every thing have its due Place and Time.

A Comick Subject loves an humble Verse,
Thyestes scorns a low and Comick Stile.
 Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her Voice,
 And *Chremes* be allow'd to foam and rail :
 Tragedians too, lay by their State to grieve ;
Peleus and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,
 Forget their swelling, and Gygantic Words.
 He that would have Spectators share his Grief,
 Must write not only well, but movingly,
 And raise Mens Passions to what height he will,
 We Weep and Laugh, as we see others do,
 He only makes me sad who shews the way,
 And first is sad himself, then (*Telephus*)
 I feel the weight of your Calamities,
 And fancy all your miseries my Own,
 But if you Act them ill, I sleep or laugh :
 Your looks must needs alter, as your Subject does
 From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe,
 For Nature forms, and softens us within,
 And writes our fortunes changes in our face.

Pleasure

Pleasure enchants, impetuous Rage transports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd Soul,
And these are all interpreted by Speech ;
But he whose words and fortunes disagree,
Absurd, unpitied, grows a publick Jest.
Observe the Characters of those that speak,
Whether an honest Servant, or a Cheat,
Or one whose blood boils in his youthful Veins,
Or a grave Matron, or a busie Nurse,
Extorting Merchants, careful Husbandmen,
Argives, or *Thebans*, *Asians* or *Greeks*.
Follow Report, or feign coherent things,
Describe *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was,
Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all Judges, and all Law but Arms ;
Medea must be all Revenge and Blood,
Ino all Tears, *Ixion* all Deceit,
Io must wander, and *Orestes* mourn :
If your bold Muse dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new Characters upon the stage,

Be sure you keep them up to their first height.
 New Subjects are not easily explain'd,
 And you had better chuse a well known Theme,
 Than trust to an Invention of your own ;
 For what originally others writ,
 May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,
 That with some Justice it may pass for yours ;
 But then you must not Copy trivial things,
 Nor word for word too faithfully Translate,
 Nor (as some fervile Imitators do)
 Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules,
 As they must ever slavishly observe,
 Or all the Laws of decency renounce :
 Begin not as the' old Poetaster did,
 (*Troy's famous War, and Priam's Fate, I sing*)
 In what will all this Ostentation end ? (Mouſe :
 The labouring Mountain scarce brings forth a
 How far is this from the *Meonian* Stile ?
Muse, speak the Man, who since the Siege of Troy,
So many Towns, such change of Manners saw.

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoak,
The other out of smoak brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprizes us with darling Miracles,
The Bloody *Lestrygons* inhumane Feasts,
With all the Monsters of the Land and Sea ;
How *Scylla* bark'd, and *Polyphemus* roar'd :
He doth not trouble Us with *Leda's* Eggs,
When he begins to write the *Trojan* War ;
Nor writing the return of *Diomed*,
Go back as far as *Meleager's* Death :
Nothing is idle, each judicious Line
Insensibly acquaints Us with the Plot ;
He chooses only what he can improve,
And Truth and Fiction are so aptly mix'd
That all seems Uniform, and of a piece.
Now hear what every Auditor expects ;
If you intend that he should stay to hear
The Epilogue, and see the Curtain fall ;

Mind how our tempers alter with our years,
 And by those Rules form all your Characters.
 One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,
 Loves childish Plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
 And changes every hour his wavering mind.
 A Youth that first casts off his Tutor's Yoke,
 Loves Horses, Hounds, and Sports, and Exercise,
 Prone to all Vice, impatient of Reproof,
 Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
 Gain and Ambition rule our riper years,
 And make us Slaves to interest and power.
 Old Men are only walking Hospitals,
 Where all Defects, and all Diseases croud
 With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,
 Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
 Opprest with Riches which they dare not use;
 Ill-natur'd Censors of the present Age,
 And fond of all the follies of the past.
 Thus all the treasure of our flowing Years,
 Our ebb of Life for ever takes away.

Boys must not have th' ambitious care of Men,
Nor Men the weak Anxieties of Age.
Some things are acted, others only told ;
But what we hear, moves less than what we see ;
Spectators only have their Eyes to trust,
But Auditors must trust their Ears and you ;
Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
Which Men of Judgment only will relate ;
Medea must not draw her murdering Knife,
And spill her Childrens blood upon the Stage,
Nor *Atreus* there his horrid Feast prepare,
Cadmus's, and *Progne's Metamorphosis*,
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)
And whatsoever contradicts my Sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.
Five Acts are the just measure of a Play,
Never presume to make a God appear,
But for a business worthy of a God,
And in one Scene no more than three should speak.
A *Chorus* should supply what Action wants,

And

And hath a generous and manly part ;
 Bridles wild rage, loves rigid Honesty,
 And strict Observance of Impartial Laws,
 Sobriety, Security, and Peace,
 And begs the Gods to turn blind Fortunes wheel;
 To raise the Wretched, and pull down the Proud.
 (But nothing must be Sung between the Acts,
 But what some way conduces to the Plot.)
 First the shrill sound of a small rural Pipe,
 (Not loud like Trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
 Was entertainment for the Infant Stage,
 And pleas'd the thin and bashful Audience,
 Of our well-meaning, frugal Ancestors.
 But when our Walls and Limits were enlarg'd,
 And Men (grown wanton by prosperity)
 Studied new Arts of Luxury and Ease,
 The Verse, the Musick, and the Scene's improv'd;
 For how should Ignorance be judge of Wit,
 Or Men of Sense applaud the Jest of Fools?
 Then came rich Cloths and graceful Action in,

Then instruments were taught more moving notes
And Eloquence with all her pomp and charms
Foretold as useful and sententious Truths,
As those deliver'd by the *Delphick* God.
The first Tragedians found that serious Stile
Too grave for their Uncultivated Age,
And so brought wild and naked Satyrs in,
(Whose motion, words, & shape were all a Farce)
(As oft as decency would give them leave)
Because the mad ungovernable Rout,
Full of confusion, and the fumes of Wine,
Lov'd such variety and antick Tricks.
But then they did not wrong themselves so much,
To make a God, a Hero, or a King,
(Stripp'd of his golden Crown and purple Robe)
Descend to a Mechanick Dialect,
Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high
With empty sound, and airy notions fly.
For, Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low Mimick follies of a Farce,

As a grave Matron would to dance with Girls :
 You must not think that a Satyrick Stile
 Allows of scandalous and brutish Words,
 Or the confounding of your Characters.
 Begin with Truth, then give Invention scope,
 And if your Stile be natural and smooth,
 All men will trie, and hope to write as well ;
 And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
 So much good Method and Connexion may
 Improve the common and the plainest things.
 A Satyr that comes staring from the Woods,
 Must not at first speak like an Orator ;
 But, though his language should not be refin'd,
 It must not be Obscene, and Impudent :
 The better sort abhors scurrility,
 And often censures, what the Rabble likes.
 Unpolish'd Verses pass with many Men,
 And *Rome* is too Indulgent in that Point.
 But then, to write at a loose rambling rate,
 In hope the World will wink at all our faults,

Is such a rash, ill-grounded confidence,
As Men may pardon, but will never praise.
Consider well the Greek Originals,
Read them by Day, and think of them by Night ;
But *Plautus* was admir'd in former time.
With too much patience (not to call it worse)
His harsh, unequal Verse, was Musick then,
And Rudeness had the Privilege of Wit :
When *Thespis* first expos'd the Tragick Muse,
Rude were the Actors, and a Cart the Scene,
Where ghastly Faces, stain'd with Lees of Wine,
Frighted the Children, and amus'd the Croud ;
This *Æschylus* (with indignation) saw,
And built a Stage, found out a decent dress,
Brought Vizards in (a Civiler disguise)
And taught Men how to speak, and how to act.
Next Comedy appear'd with great applause,
Till her licentious, and abusive Tongue,
Wakened the Magistrates Coercive power,
And forc'd it to suppress her Insolence.

Our Writers have attempted every way,
And they deserve our praise, whose daring Muse
Disdain'd to be beholden to the *Greeks*,
And found fit Subjects for her Verse at home,
Nor should we be less famous for our Wit,
Than for the force of our Victorious Arms;
But that the time and care, that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and polish well,
Fright Poets from that necessary Toyl,

Democritus was so in love with Wit,
And some Mens Natural Impulse to write,
That he despis'd the help of Art and Rules,
And thought none Poets, till their Brains were
And this hath so Intoxicated some, (crack'd,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They Cleanliness and Company renounce:
For Lunacy beyond the Cure of Art,
With a long Beard, and Ten long, dirty Nails,
Pass currant for *Apollo's* Livery.

O my unhappy Stars! If in the Spring,
Some Phyfick had not cur'd me of the Spleen,
None would have writ with more fuccefs than I;
But I am fatisfied to keep my fenfe,
And only ferve to whet that Wit in you,
To which I willingly resign my claim.
Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a Poet is;
Wherein his Wealth and Ornament confift,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill,
Sound judgment is the ground of Writing well:
And when Philofophy directs your choice
To proper Subjects rightly underftood,
Words from your Pen will naturally flow,
He only gives the proper Characters,
Who knows the duty of all Ranks of Men,
And what we owe to Country, Parents, Friends,
How Judges, and how Senators fhould act,
And what becomes a General to do.

Thofe

Those are the likeſt Copies which are drawn,
By the Original of humane Life.

Sometimes in rough and undigeſted Plays
We meet with ſuch a lucky Character,
As being humor'd right and well purſu'd,
Succeeds much better, than the ſhallow Verſe,
And chiming Trifles, of more ſtudious Pens.

Greece had a Genius, *Greece* had Eloquence,
For her ambition and her end was Fame.

Our *Roman* Youth is bred another way,
And taught no arts but thoſe of Uſury ;
And the glad Father glories in his Child,
When he can ſubdivide a Fraction.

Can Souls, who by their Parents from their birth
Have been devoted thus to ruſt and gain,
Be capable of high and generous thoughts ?

Can Verſes writ by ſuch an Author live ?

But you (brave Youth) wiſe *Numa*'s worthy Heir,
Remember of what weight your Judgment is,
And never venture to commend a Book,

That

That has not pass'd all Judges and all Tests.
A Poet should instruct, or please, or both ;
Let all your Precepts be succinct and clear,
That ready Wits may comprehend them soon,
And faithful Memories retain them long ;
For superfluities are soon forgot.
Never be so conceited of your Parts,
To think you may persuade us what you please,
Or venture to bring in a Child alive,
That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd ;
Old Age explodes all but Morality ;
Austerity offends aspiring Youths :
But he that joyns instructions with delight,
Profit with pleasure, carries all the Votes ;
These are the Volumes that enrich the Shops,
These pass with admiration through the World,
And bring their Author an Eternal fame.
Be not too rigidly Censorious,
A string may jar in the best Master's hand,
And the most skilful Archer miss his aim ;

But

But in a Poem elegantly writ,
 I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
 Such as our Natures frailty may excuse.
 But he that hath been often told his fault,
 And still persists, is as impertinent,
 As a Musician that will always play,
 And yet is always out at the same Note ;
 When such a positive abandon'd Fop,
 (Among his numerous Absurdities)
 Stumbles upon some tolerable Line,
 I fret to see them in such company,
 And wonder by what Magick they came there.
 But in long Works, Sleep will sometimes surprize,
Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.
Poems (like Pictures) are of different sorts,
 Some better at a distance, others near,
 Some love the dark, some chuse the clearest light,
 And boldly challenge the most piercing Eye:
 Some please for once, some will for ever please ;
 But *Piso* (tho' your own Experience,

Joyn'd

Joyn'd with your Fathers Precepts make you
Remember this as an important truth. (wise:)

Some things admit of Mediocrity,

A Counsellor, or Pleader at the Bar,

May want *Messala's* powerful Eloquence,

Or be less read than deep *Cassellius*;

Yet this indifferent Lawyer is esteem'd.

But no authority of Gods nor Men,

Allow of any mean in Poesie,

As an ill Consort, and a course Perfume,

Disgrace the Delicacy of a Feast,

And might with more discretion have been spar'd.

So Poesie, whose end is to delight,

Admits of no Degrees, but must be still,

Sublimely good, or despicably ill.

In other things Men have some reason left;

And one that cannot Dance, or Fence, or Run,

Despairing of success, forbears to Try.

But all (without consideration) write;

Some thinking that th' omnipotence of Wealth

Can

Can turn them into Poets when they please.
But, *Piso*, you are of too quick a sight
Not to discern which way your Talent lies,
Or vainly struggle with your Genius ;
Yet if it ever be your fate to Write,
Let your Productions pass the strictest hands,
Mine and your Fathers, and not see the light,
Till time and care have rip'ned every Line.
What you keep by you, you may change & mend ;
But words once spoke can never be recall'd.
Orpheus inspir'd by more than humane power,
Did not (as Poets feign) tame savage Beasts ;
But Men as lawless, and as wild as they,
And first dissuaded them from rage and blood.
Thus when *Amphion* built the *Theban* Wall,
They feign'd the Stones obey'd his Magick Lute.
Poets the first Instructors of Mankind,
Brought all things to their proper, native Use ;
Some they appropriated to the Gods,
And some to publick, some to private ends :

Pro-

Promiscuous Love by Marriage was restrain'd.
Cities were built, and useful Laws were made ;
So ancient is the pedigree of Verse,
And so Divine a Poet's Function.
Then *Homer's* and *Tyrtæus* Martial Muse,
Waken'd the World, and founded loud Alarms:
To Verse we owe the Sacred Oracles,
And our best Precepts of Morality ;
Some have by Verse, obtain'd the love of Kings,
(Who, with the Muses, ease their wearied minds)
Then blush not, Noble *Piso*, to protect,
What Gods inspire, and Kings delight to hear.
Some think that Poets may be form'd by Art,
Others maintain, that Nature makes them so ;
I neither see what Art without a vein,
Nor Wit without the help of Art can do,
But mutually they need each others aid.
He that intends to gain th' *Olympick* Prize,
Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,
Take leave of Wine, and the soft joys of Love ;
And

And no Musician dares pretend to skill,
 Without a great Expence of time and pains :
 But every little busie Scribler now
 Swells with the praises which he gives himself ;
 And taking Sanctuary in the Croud,
 Brags of his Impudence, and scorns to mend.
 A wealthy Poet takes more pains to hire
 A flattering Audience, than poor Tradesmen do
 To perswade Customers to buy their Goods.
 'Tis hard to find a Man of great Estate,
 That can distinguish Flatterers from Friends.
 Never delude your self, nor read your Book
 Before a brib'd and fawning Auditor ;
 For he'll commend and feign an Ecstasie,
 Grow pale, or weep, do any thing to please ;
 True friends appear less mov'd than Counterfeits :
 As Men that truly grieve at Funerals,
 Are not so loud, as those that cry for hire.
 Wise were the Kings, who never chose a Friend,
 Till with full Cups they had unmask'd his Soul,
 And

And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.
You cannot arm your self with too much care
Against the smiles of a designing Knave.
Quintilius (if his advice were ask'd)
Would freely tell you what you should correct,
Or (if you could not) bid you blot it out,
And with more care supply the vacancy:
But if he found you fond, and obstinate,
(And apter to defend than mend your faults)
With silence leave you to admire your self,
And without Rival hug your darling Book.
The prudent care of an Impartial Friend,
Will give you notice of each idle Line;
Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants orna-
Or where it is too lavishly bestowed; (ment,
Make you explain all that he finds Obscure,
And with a strict Enquiry mark your faults;
Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love.
Those things, which now seem frivolous, and
Will be of serious consequence to you, (flight,
When,

When they have made you once Ridiculous.
A Mad Dog's foam, th' Infection of the Plague,
And all the Judgments of the angry Gods;
We are not all more heedfully to shun,
Than Poetafters in their raging fits,
Follow'd and pointed at by Fools and Boys;
But dreaded and proscib'd by Men of Sense.
If (in the Raving of a frantick Muse)
And minding more his Verses than his Way,
Any of these should drop into a Well,
Tho' he might burst his Lungs to call for help;
No Creature would assist, or pity him,
But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
Hear how an old *Sicilian* Poet died :
Empedocles, mad to be thought a God,
In a cold fit leap'd into *Aetna's* Flames.
Give Poets leave to make themselves away ;
Why should it be a greater sin to kill,
Than to keep Men alive against their will ?
Nor was this chance ; But a deliberate choice ;

For if *Empedocles* were now reviv'd,
 He would be at his Frolick once again,
 And his pretensions to Divinity.

✓ 'Tis hard to say, whether for Sacrilege
 Or Incest, or some more unheard of Crime
 The Rhyming Fiend is sent into these Men :
 But they are all most visibly possess'd,
 And like a baited Bear, when he breaks loose,
 Without distinction, seize on all they meet.
 None ever escap'd that came within their reach,
 Sticking like Leeches till they burst with blood,
 Without remorse insatiably they read,
 And never leave till they have read Men dead.

T H E

THE
 TEMPLE
 OF
 DEATH.

By the Earl of *Mulgrave*.

A Translation out of *FRENCH*.

IN those cold Climates, where the Sun appears
 Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears;
 A dreadful Vale lies in a Desert Isle,
 On which indulgent Heaven did never smile.
 There a thick Grove of Aged Cypress Trees,
 Which none without an awful horror sees,

34 *The Temple of DEATH.*

Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,
 Whole Flocks of ill-prefaging Birds receives :
 Poyfons are all the Plants the Soyl will bear,
 And Winter is the only Season there.
 Millions of Graves cover the fpacious Field,
 And fprings of blood a thoufand Rivers yield,
 Whole freams opprest with Carcafes and Bones,
 Inftead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.

Within this Vale, a famous Temple ftands,
 Old as the World it felf, which it commands ;
 Round is its figure, and four Iron-Gates
 Divide Mankind, by order of the Fates.
 There Come in Crouds, doom'd to one common
 Grave,

The Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the Slave.
 Old Age, and Pains, which Mankind moft deplores,
 Are faithful Keepers of thofe facred Doors ;
 All clad in mournful Blacks, which alfo Load
 The facred Walls of this obfcure Abode,

And

And Tapers, of a pitchy substance made,
With Clouds of smoak increase the dismal Shade.

A Monster, void of Reason, and of Sight;
The Goddess is, who sways this Realm of Night.
Her Power extends o'er all things that have breath,
A Cruel Tyrant, and her Name is Death.
The fairest Object of our wond'ring Eyes
Was newly offer'd up her Sacrifice;
Th' adjoining places where the Altar stood,
Yet blushing with the fair *Almeria's* Blood.
When griev'd *Orontes*, whose unhappy flame
Is known to all that e'er converse with Fame;
His mind possess'd by Fury and Despair,
Within the Sacred Temple made this Prayer:
Great Deity! Who in thy hands do'st bear
That rusty Scepter, which poor Mortals fear;
Who wanting Eyes, thy self respectest none,
And neither spares the Laurel, nor the Crown!

36 *The Temple of DEATH.*

Oh, thou whom all Mankind in vain withstands,
Each of whose Blood must one day stain thy
Hands !

Oh, thou who every Eye, which sees the Light,
Closest again in an eternal Night !

Open thy Ears, and hearken to my Grief,
To which thy only Power can give Relief :

I Come not hither to prolong my Fate,
But wish my wretched Life a shorter date,

And that the Earth would in its Bowels hide
A Wretch, whom Heaven invades on every side :

That from the sight of Day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my Love.

Thou only Comforter of Minds oppress'd ;
The Port, where wearied Spirits are at rest ;

Conductor to *Elysium* ! Take my Life ;
My Breast I offer to thy Sacred Knife :

So just a Grace refuse not, nor despise
A Willing, though a Worthless Sacrifice.

Others,

Others, their frail and mortal State forgot,
Before thy Altars are not to be brought
Without constraint ; the noise of dying rage,
Heaps of the Slain, of every Sex and Age,
The blade all reeking in the gore it shed,
With sever'd Heads and Arms confus'dly spread,
The Rapid Flames of a perpetual fire,
The Groans of Wretches ready to expire :
This Tragick Scene makes them in Terrour Live,
Till that is forc'd, which they should freely give,
Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
Their fears eclipse the Glory of their Grave,
Before thy Face they make undecent moan,
And feel a hundred Deaths in fearing one ;
The flame becomes unhallow'd in their Breast,
And he a Murtherer, who was a Priest ;
His Hands profan'd in breaking Nature's Chain,
By which the Body does the Soul detain :
But against me thy strongest Forces call,
And on my Head let all the Tempest fall ;

38 *The Temple of DEATH.*

No shrinking back shall any weakness shew,
 And Calmly I'll expect the fatal blow ;
 My Limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
 Complaints in my Mouth, nor in my Eyes a Tear.
 Think not that time, our wonted sure relief,
 That universal Cure for every grief,
 Whose aid so many Lovers oft have found,
 With like success can ever heal my wound ;
 Too weak's the Power of Nature, or of Art ;
 Nothing but Death can ease a broken heart.
 And that thou mayst behold my helpless state,
 Learn the extreamest rigour of my Fate.

Amidst th' innumerable beauteous Train,
Paris, the Queen of Cities, does contain,
 The fairest Town, the largest, and the best,
 So fair *Almeria* shin'd above the rest,
 From her bright Eyes to feel a hopeless flame,
 Was of our Youth the most ambitious aim ;

Her

Her Chains were marks of Honour to the Brave,
She made a Prince, when e'er she made a Slave.
Love, under whose Tyrannick Power I groan,
Shew'd me this Beauty e'er 'twas fully blown ;
Her tim'rous Charms, and her unpractis'd Look,
Their first assurance from my Conquest took ;
By wounding me, she learnt the fatal Art,
And the first sigh she had, was from my Heart ;
My Eyes with Tears moist'ning her snowy Arms,
Render'd the Tribute owing to her Charms :
But as I soonest of all Mortals paid
My Vows, and to her Beauty Altars made ;
So among all those Slaves that sigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of my Chain.
Loves heavy burden, my Submissive Heart
Endur'd not long, before she bore her part ;
My violent flame melted her frozen Breast,
And in soft Sighs her pity she exprest ;
Her gentle Voice allay'd my raging Pains,
And her fair hands Sustain'd me in my Chains ;

Even

40 *The Temple of DEATH.*

Even Tears of Pity waited on my moan,
And tender Looks were cast on me alone.
My hopes and dangers were less mine, than hers,
Those filled her Soul with Joys, and these with
Our hearts united, had the same desires, (Fears,
And both alike, burn'd in Impatient Fires.

Too Faithful Memory ! I give thee Leave
Thy wretched Master kindly to deceive ;
Make me not once possessor of her Charms ;
Let me not find her Languish in my Arms ;
Past Joys are now my Fancies mournful Theams ;
Make all my happy Nights appear but Dreams :
Let not that Bliss before my Eyes be brought ;
Oh ! hide those Scenes from my tormenting

Thought ;
And in their place, Disdainful Beauty shew,
If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so ;
And something to abate my deep Despair,
Oh, let her seem less Gentle, or less Fair.

But

But I in vain, flatter my wounded Mind,
Never was Nymph so Lovely, or so Kind:
No cold Repulses, my Desires suppress,
I seldom sigh'd but on *Almeria's* Breast;
Of all the Passions which Mankind destroy,
I only felt excess of Love and Joy:
Numberless Pleasures charm'd my Sense, and they
Were as my Love, without the least Allay.
As pure, alas, but not so sure to last,
For, like a pleasing Dream, they all are past.
From Heav'n her Beauty like fierce Light'ning
came,
Which breaks through Darkness with its Glorious
Flame,
A while it Shines, a while our Sight it cheers,
But soon the short-liy'd Comfort disappears,
And Thunder follows, whose resistless Rage,
None can withstand, and nothing can Assuage.
So oft the Light, which those bright flashes gave,
Serves only to conduct us to our Grave.

When

42 *The Temple of DEATH.*

When I had just begun Love's Joys to taste,
 (Those full Rewards for Fears and Dangers past)
 A Fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
 The richest Work that ever Nature Wrought.
 All things below, alas, uncertain stand;
 The firmest Rocks are fix'd upon the Sand:
 Under this Law both Kings and Kingdoms bend,
 And no beginning is without an end.
 A Sacrifice to Time, Fate dooms us all,
 And at the Tyrant's Feet we daily fall:
 Time, whose bold hand alike does bring to dust
 Mankind, and all those Powers in which they
 trust.

Her wasted Spirits now begin to faint,
 Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint,
 And in her Heart, as in a Fort remains,
 But yields at last to her resistless pains;
 Thus, while the Fever am'rous of his Prey,
 Through all her Veins makes his delightful way,

Her

The Temple of DEATH. 43

Her Fate's, like *Semile's*, the Flames destroy
That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,
Pale grow the Roses, and the Lilies fade ;
Her Skin has lost that lustre which surpass
The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last ;
Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmest hearts,
Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts,
Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,
And Sickness triumphs in the Throne of Love.
The Fever every moment more prevails,
Its rage her Body feels, and Tongue bewails ;
She, whose disdain so many Lovers prove,
Sighs now for Torment, as they sigh for Love,
And with loud Crys which rend the neighb'ring
Air,
Wounds my sad heart, and wakens my Despair.
Both Gods and Men I charge now with my loss,
And wild with Grief, my Thoughts each other
cross ;

My

44 *The Temple of DEATH.*

My Heart and Tongue labour in both extreams,
That sends up flighted Prayers, while this bla-
I ask their help, whose malice I defie, (sophemes:
And mingle Sacriledge with Piety.

But that which does yet more perplex my mind,
To Love her truly, I must seem unkind :
So unconcern'd a Face my Sorrow wears,
I must restrain unruly floods of Tears.

My Eyes and Tongue put on dissembling forms,
I shew a Calmness in the midst of Storms,
I seem to hope, when all my hopes are gone,
And almost dead with grief, discover none.

But who can long deceive a Loving Eye,
Or with dry Eyes behold his Mistress die?

When Passion had with all its terrours brought
Th' approaching danger nearer to my Thought,
Off on a sudden, fell the forc'd disguise,
And shew'd a sighing heart in weeping Eyes,
My apprehensions now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my sorrows, and betray'd my mind.

The

The Temple of DEATH. 45

The Fair Afflicted, *Soon* perceives my Tears,
Explains my Sighs, and thence concludes my
Fears;

With sad Presages of her hopeless Case,
She reads her Fate in my dejected Face;
Then, feels my Torment, and neglects her own,
While I am Sensible of hers alone;
Each does the others burden kindly bear,
I fear her Death, and she bewails my Fear:
Though we thus suffer under Fortune's Darts,
'Tis only those of Love which reach our Hearts.
Mean-while the Fever mocks at all our Fears,
Grows by our Sighs, and rages at our Tears,
Those vain effects of our as vain desire,
Like Wind and Oyl increase the fatal fire.

Almeria, then, feeling the Destinies
About to shut her Lips, and close her Eyes,
Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling Hand,
And with these words, I scarce could understand;

Her

46 *The Temple of DEATH.*

Her Passion in a dying Voice express'd
 Half, and her Sighs, alas, made out the rest.
 'Tis past ; this pang, Nature gives o'er the strife ;
 Thou must thy Mistress Lose, and I my Life ;
 I die, but dying thine, the Fates may prove
 Their Conquest over me, but not my Love ;
 Thy Memory, my Glory, and my Pain,
 In spite of Death it self, shall still remain :
 Ah ! Dear *Orontes*, my hard Fate deny's
 That hope is the last thing which in us dies :
 From my griev'd Breast all those soft Thoughts
 are fled,
 And Love survives, although my Hope is dead ;
 I yield my Life, but keep my Passion yet,
 And can all thoughts but of *Orontes* quit ;
 My flame increases as my strength decays, (raise;
 Death, which puts out the light, the heat does
 That still remains, though I from hence remove,
 I lose my Lover, but I keep my Love.

The Temple of DEATH. 47

The Sigh, which sent forth that last tender word,
Up towards the Heav'ns like a bright *Meteor*
soar'd,
And the Kind Nymph bereft of all her Charms,
Fell cold and breathless in her Lover's Arms ;
Which shews, since Death could deny him relief,
That 'tis in vain we hope to die with grief.

Goddeſs, who now my Fate has understood,
Spare but my Tears, and freely take my Blood ;
Here let me end the Story of my Cares,
My Dismal Grief enough the rest declares.
Judge thou by all this Misery display'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid :
Thus to survive, reproaches on me draws,
And my sad wishes have too Just a Cause.

Come, then, my only hope ; in every place
Thou visitest, Men tremble at thy Face,

E

And

48 *The Temple of DEATH.*

And fear thy Name ; once let thy fatal hand
Fall on a Swain, that does the blow demand.
Vouchsafe thy Dart : I need not one of those,
With which thou dost unwilling Kings depose ;
Thy weakest, my desir'd release can bring,
And free my Soul already on her wing.
But since all Prayers and Tears are vain, I'll try,
If, spite of thee, 'tis possible to dy.

A P A-

A
PARAPHRASE

On the CXLVIII.

PSALM.

By the Earl of Roscommon.

writ at 12 years of age

O Azure Vaults! O Crystal Sky!
The World's transparent Canopy,
Break your long silence, and let Mortals know,
With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War,
Who Conquer wherefoe'er you are,

50 *A Paraphrase on Psalm 148.*

Let Echoing Anthems make his Praises known
On Earth, his Foot-stool, as in Heaven his Throne.

Great Eye of All, whose Glorious Ray
Rules the bright Empire of the Day.

O praise his Name, without whose purer Light,
Thou hadst been hid in an Abyſs of Night :

Ye Moon and Planets who diſpence,
By God's Command, your Influence.

Reſign to him, as your Creatour, due,
That Veneration which Men pay to you ;
Faireſt, as well as firſt of things,
From whom all Joy, all Beauty ſprings.

O praise the Almighty Ruler of the Globe,
Who uſeth thee for his Empyrean Robe :

Praise him ye loud harmonious Sphaeres,
Whoſe Sacred Stamp all Nature bears.

Who

Who did all Forms from the rude Chaos draw,
And whose Command is th' universal Law :

Ye wat'ry Mountains of the Sky,
And you so far above our Eye.

Vast ever-moving Orbs, Exalt his Name,
Who gave its being to your Glorious Frame :

Ye Dragons, whose Contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,

Change your fierce hissing into joyful Song,
And praise your Maker with your forked Tongue:
Praise him ye Monsters of the Deep,
That in the Seas vast Bosoms sleep,

At whose Command the foaming Billows roar,
Yet know their Limits, Tremble, and Adore.
Ye Mists and Vapours, Hail and Snow,
And you who through the Concave blow.

Swift Executors of his holy Word, (Lord
Whirlwinds and Tempest praise the Almighty
Mountains, who to your Maker's View
Seem less than Mole-Hills do to you,

Remember how, when first *Jehovah* spoke,
All Heaven was Fire, and *Sinai* hid in Smoak :
Praise him sweet Off-spring of the Ground,
With Heavenly Nectar yearly Crown'd.

And ye tall Cedars, celebrate his Praise,
That in his Temple Sacred Altars raise :
Idle Musicians of the Spring,
Whose only care's to Love and Sing,

Fly thro' the World, and let your trembling Throat
Praise your Creatour with the sweetest Note.
Praise him each Salvage Furious Beast,
That on his Stores do daily feast.

And

And you tame Slaves of the Laborious Plow,
Your weary Knees to your Creatour bow :
Majestick Monarchs, Mortal Gods,
Whose Power hath here no Periods :

May all Attempts against your Crown be vain,
But still remember by whose power you Raign :
Let the wide World his Praises sing,
Where *Tagus* and *Euphrates* spring.

And from the *Danube* frosty Banks, to those,
Where from an unknown head great *Nilus* flows:
You that dispose of all our Lives,
Praise him from whom your power derives.

Be True and Just; like him, and fear his Word,
As much as Malefactors do your Sword.
Praise him old Monuments of Time,
O praise him in your Youthful prime.

Praise him fair Idols of our greedy Sence,
Exalt his Name, sweet Age of Innocence:
 Jehovah's Name shall only last,
 When Heaven, Earth, and all is past.

Nothing, Great God, is to be found in Thee,
But Unconceivable Eternity :

 Exalt, O *Jacob's* Sacred Race,
 The God of Gods, the God of Grace,

Who will above the Stars your Empire raise,
And with His Glory, Recompence your Praise.

T O
O R I N D A:
An Imitation of
H O R A C E.
By the Earl of Roscommon.

Integer vita, &c.

Carm. Lib. 1. Od. 22.

I.

Virtue (dear Friend) needs no defence,
No Arms; but its own Innocence;
Quivers, and Bows, and poison'd Darts,
Are only us'd by guilty Hearts.

II.

II.

An honest mind, safely, alone
May travel through the burning Zone,
Or through the deepest *Scythian* Snows,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.

III.

While (rul'd by a resistless fire)
Our Great *O R I N D A* I Admire,
The hungry Wolves that see me stray
Unarm'd and single, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever *Neptune* did embrace,
When there her Image fills my Breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some *Libyan* Plain,
So she my Fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty Monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my Feet.

V I.

The Magick of ORINDA's Name,
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in Verse.

THE

THE
GROVE.

By the same Author.

A H happy Grove ! Dark and secure retreat,
Of Sacred silence, Rest's Eternal Seat ;
How well your cool and unfrequented shade
Suits with the chaste retirements of a Maid.
Oh ! If kind Heaven had been so much my friend,
To make my Fate upon my choice depend ;
All my ambition I would here confine,
And only this *Elyzium* should be mine.
Fond Men by Passion wilfully betray'd,
Adore those Idols which their fancy made ;

Purchasing Riches, with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded Snare ;
And having all, all to our selves, refuse,
Opprest with Blessings which we fear to use.
Fame is at best but an inconstant good,
Vain are the boasted Titles of our Blood ;
We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
And with our Youth our short-liv'd Beauty dies.
In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our store,
If our abundance makes us wish for more.
How happy is the harmless Country Maid,
Who rich by Nature, scorns superfluous aid !
Whose modest Cloaths no wanton eyes invite,
But like her Soul, preserves the Native White ;
Whose little store, her well-taught Mind does
 please,
Not pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton
 ease,
Who free from Storms, which on the Great Ones
Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all; (fall,
No

No care but Love can discompose her Breast,
Love, of all Cares the sweetest and the best.
Whilst on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does
Our happy Lover feeds upon her eye ; (lie,
Not one on whom or Gods or Men impose,
But one whom Love has for this Lover chose,
Under some favourite Myrtle's shady Boughs,
They speak their Passions in repeated Vows :
And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful heart makes as sincere returns.
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie,
And whilst they Live, their flames can never die.

T O

A
By

THE
DUEL
OF THE
STAGS.

Written by the Honourable
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

IN *Windsor* Forest, before War destroy'd
The harmless Pleasures which soft Peace
injoy'd;

A mighty Stag grew Monarch of the Heard,
By all his Savage Slaves obey'd, and fear'd:

66 *The Duel of the STAGS.*

And while the Troops about their Sovereign fed,
They watch't the awful nodding of his Head.
Still as he passeth by, they all remove,
Proud in Dominion, Prouder in his Love :
[And while with Pride and Appetite he swells ;]
He courts no chosen object, but compels :
No Subject his lov'd Mistress dares deny,
But yields his hopes up to his Tyranny.

Long had this Prince imperiously thus sway'd,
By no set Laws, but by his Will obey'd ;
His fearful Slaves, to full Obedience grown,
Admire his strength, and dare not use their own.

One Subject most did his suspicion move,
That shew'd least Fear, and counterfeited Love ;
In the best Pastures by his side he fed,
Arm'd with two large Militia's on his head :
As if he practis'd Majesty, he walk't,
And at his Nod, he made not haste, but stalk't.

By

By his large shade, he saw how great he was,
And his vast Layers on the bended Grass.
His thoughts as large as his proportion grew,
And judg'd himself, as fit for Empire too.
Thus to rebellious hopes he swell'd at length,
Love and Ambition growing with his strength,
This hid Ambition his bold Passion shows,
And from a Subject to a Rival grows,
Sollicits all his Princes, fearful Dames,
And in his sight Courts with rebellious flames.

The Prince sees this with an inflamed Eye,
But Looks are only signs of Majesty :
When once a Prince's Will meets a restraint,
His Power is then esteem'd but his Complaint.
His Head then shakes, at which th' affrighted
Start to each side ; his Rival not afear'd, (Heard
Stands by his Mistress side, and stirs not thence,
But bids her own his Love, and his Defence.

The Quarrel now to a vast height is grown,
Both urg'd to fight by Passion, and a Throne ;
But Love has most excuse, for all, we find,
Have Passions, tho' not Thrones alike assign'd.
The Sovereign Stag shaking his loaded head,
On which his Scepters with his Arms were spread,
Wisely by Nature, there together fix't,
Where with the Title, the Defence was mixt.
The Pace which he advanc'd with to engage,
Became at once his Majesty, and Rage :
T'other stands still with as much confidence,
To make his part seem only his defence.

Their heads now meet, and at one blow each
As many strokes, as if a Rank of Pikes (strikes
Grew on his Brows, as thick their Antlers stand,
Which every Year kind Nature does disband.
Wild Beasts sometimes in peace and quiet are,
But Man no season frees from Love or War.

With

With equal strength they met, as if two Oaks
Had fell, and mingled with a thousand stroaks,
One by Ambition urg'd, t'other Disdain,
One to Preserve, the other fought to Gain:
The Subjects, and the Mistresses stood by,
With Love and Duty to crown Victory:
For all Affections wait on prosperous Fame,
Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets shame.

While thus with equal Courages they meet,
The wounded Earth yields to their struggling
Feet;
And while one slides, t'other pursues the Fight
And thinks that forc't Retreat looks like a
Flight;
But then asham'd of his Retreat, at length
Drives his Foe back, his Rage renews his
strength.

As even Weights into a motion thrown,
By equal turns, drive themselves up and down ;
So sometimes one, then t'other Stag prevails,
And Victory, yet doubtful, holds the Scales.

The Prince asham'd to be oppos'd so long,
With all his strength united rushes on ;
The Rebel weaker, than at first appears,
And from his Courage sinks unto his Fears,
Not able longer to withstand his might,
From a Retreat at last steals to a Flight.
The mighty Stag pursues his flying Foe,
Till his own pride of Conquest made him slow ;
Thought it enough to scorn a thing that flies,
And only now pursu'd him with his Eyes.

The Vanquish'd as he fled, turn'd back his
fight,
Asham'd to flie, and yet afraid to fight :

Some-

Sometimes his Wounds, as his excuse survey'd,
Then fled again, and then look'd back and stay'd.
Blush't that his Wounds so slight should not deny
Strength for a fight, that left him strength to flie.
Calls thoughts of Love and Empire to his aid,
But fears more powerful than all those perswade,
And yet in spight of them retains his shame,
His Cool'd ambition, and his half-quench'd flame
There's none from their own fence of shame can
And dregs of Passions dwell with misery. (flie,

Now to the Shades he bends his feeble course,
Despis'd by those that once Admir'd his force :
The Wretch that to a scorn'd Condition's thrown,
With the World's favour, loses too his own,

While fawning Troops their Conquering
Prince enclos'd,
Now render'd absolute by being oppos'd ;

Princes

Princes by Disobedience get Command,
And by new quench'd Rebellions firmer stand ;
Till by the boundless offers of success,
They meet their Fate in ill-us'd happiness.

The vanquish't Stag to thickest shades repairs,
Where he finds safety punish't with his cares ;
Thorough the Woods he rushes not, but glides,
And from all searches but his own he hides ;
Asham'd to live, unwilling yet to lose
That wretched life he knew not how to use.

In this Retirement thus he liv'd conceal'd,
Till with his Wounds, his Fears were almost
heal'd ;
His antient Passions now began to move,
He thought again of Empire, and of Love ;
Then rous'd himself, and stretch'd at his full
length,
Took the large measure of his mighty strength ;
Then

The Duel of the STAGS. 73

Then shook his loaded Head ; the shadow too,
Shook like a Tree, where leaveless Branches grew :
Stooping to drink, he sees it in the Streams,
And in the Woods hears clashing of his Beams ;
No accident but does alike proclaim
His growing strength, and his encreasing shame.

Now once again, resolves to try his Fate,
(For Envy always is importunate ;)
And in the Mind perpetually does move,
A fit Companion for unquiet Love.
He thinks upon his Mighty Enemy
Circl'd about with Pow'r, and Luxury.
And hop'd his strength might sink in his desires,
Remembring he had wasted in such Fires.
Yet while he hop'd by them to overcome,
He wish'd the others fatal joys his own.

Thus the unquiet Beast in safety lay,
Where nothing was to fear, nor to obey ;
Where

74 *The Duel of the ST AG S.*

Where he alone Commanded, and was Lord
Of every Bounty, Nature did afford,
Choose Feasts for every Arbitrary sense,
An Empire in the state of Innocence.

But all the Feasts, Nature before him plac't,
Had but faint relishes to his lost taste.
Sick Minds, like Bodies in a Fever spent,
Turn Food to the Disease, not Nourishment.

Sometimes he stole abroad, and shrinking
Under the shelter of the friendly Wood; (stood,
Casting his envious Eyes towards those Plains
Where with Crown'd Joys, his Mighty Rival
Reigns.

He saw th' obeying Herd marching along,
And weigh'd his Rival's Greatness by the Throng.
Want takes false Measures, both of Power, and
Joys,
And envy'd Greatness is but Crowd, and Noise.

Not

Not able to endure this hated fight,
Back to the Shades he flies to seek out Night.
Like Exiles from their Native Soils, though sent
To better Countreys, think it Banishment.
Here he enjoy'd, what t'other could have there,
The Woods as Shady, and the Streams as Clear,
The Pastures more untainted, where he fed,
And every Night, chose out an unprest Bed.

But then his lab'ring Soul with Dreams was
And found the greatest weariness in Rest; (prest,
His dreadful Rival in his sleep appears,
And in his Dreams again, he fights, and fears :
Shrinks at the strokes of t'others Mighty Head,
Feels every wound, and dreams how fast he fled.
At this he wakes, and with his fearful Eyes,
Salutes the Light, that Fleet the *Eastern* Skies.
Still half amaz'd, looks round, and held by fear,
Scarce can Believe, no Enemy was near.

But

But when he saw his heedless fears were brought,
Not by a Substance, but a drowsie Thought,
His ample sides he shakes, from whence the Dew
In scatter'd Showers, like driven Tempests flew.
At which, through all his Breast new boldness
spread;

And with his Courage, rais'd his Mighty Head:
Then by his Love inspir'd, resolves to try
The Combat now, and overcome, or die.
Every weak Passion sometimes is above
The fear of Death, much more the Noblest Love.
By Hope 'tis scorn'd, and by despair 'tis fought,
Pursu'd by Honour, and by Sorrow brought.

Resolv'd the paths of danger now to tread,
From his scorn'd shelter, and his fears, he fled:
With a brave haste now seeks a second Fight,
Redeems the base one by a Noble Flight.

In the mean time, the Conqueror enjoy'd
That Power by which he was to be destroy'd.
How hard 'tis for the Prosperous to see,
That Fate which waits on Power, and Victory.

Thus he securely Raign'd, when in a Rout,
He saw th' affrighted Heard flying about ;
As if some Huntsmen did their Chace Pursue,
About themselves in scatter'd Rings they flew.
He like a careful Monarch, rais'd his Head,
To see what Cause that strange disturbance bred:

But when the searcht-out Cause appear'd no
more,
Then from a Slave, he had o'ercome before,
A bold disdain did in his Looks appear,
And shook his Aweful Head to chide their Fear:
The Herd afraid of Friend and Enemy,
Shrink from the one, and from the other Fly ;
They

78 *The Duel of the STAGS.*

They scarce know which they should Obey, or
Trust,

Since Fortune only makes it Safe and Just.

Yet in Despight of all his Pride, he staid,
And this unlook't for Chance with Trouble
weigh'd.

His Rage, and his Contempt alike, swell'd high,
And only fear'd his Enemy should Flie ;
He thought of former Conquest, and from thence
Couzen'd himself into a Confidence.

T'other that saw his Conqueror so near,
Stood still and list'ned to a whisp'ring fear ;
From whence he heard his Conquest, and his
Shame ;
But new-born Hopes his antient Fears o'recame.

The

The Mighty Enemies now met at length,
With equal Fury, though not equal Strength;
For now, too late, the Conqueror did find,
That all was wasted in him but his Mind.
His Courage in his Weakness yet prevails.
As a bold Pilot steers with tatter'd Sails,
And Cordage crackt, directs no steady Course,
Carry'd by Resolution, more than Force.
Before his once scorn'd Enemy he reels,
His Wounds encreasing with his Shame, he
feels
The others Strength, more from his Weakness
grows,
And with one furious push, his Rival throws.

So a tall Oak, the pride of all the Wood,
That long th' Assault of several Storms hath
stood;

Till by a Mighty Blast more pow'rfully push't,
His Root's torn up, and to the Earth he rusht.

Yet then he rais'd his Head, on which there
Grew

Once, all his Power, and all his Title too ;
Unable now to rise, and less to Fight,
He rais'd those Scepters to demand his Right.
But such weak Arguments prevail with none,
To plead their Titles, when their Power is
gone.

His Head now sinks, and with it all defence,
Not only rob'd of Power, but Pretence.
Wounds upon Wounds, the Conqueror still
gives,
And thinks himself unsafe, while t'other Lives :
Unhappy State of such as wear a Crown,
Fortune does seldom lay 'em gently down.

Now

Now to the most scorn'd Remedy he flies,
And for some Pity seems to move his Eyes;
Pity, by which the best of Virtue's try'd,
To wretched Princes ever is deny'd.
There is a Debt to Fortune, which they pay
For all their Greatness, by no Common way.

The flatt'ring Troops unto the Victor fly,
And own his Title to his Victory;
The faith of most, with Fortune does decline,
Duty's but Fear, and Conscience but Design.

The Victor now, proud in his great success,
Hastes to enjoy his fatal Happiness;
Forgot his Mighty Rival was destroy'd
By that, which he so fondly now enjoy'd.

In Passions, thus Nature her self enjoys,
Sometimes Preserves, and then again destroys ;
Yet all Destruction which Revenge can move,
Time or Ambition, is supply'd by Love.

T O

A
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Fo

T O
C E L I A.

By Sir Charle Ssedley.

YO U tell me, *Celia*, you approve,
 Yet never must return my love ;
 An answer that my hope destroys,
 And in the Cradle wounds our joys.
 To kill at once what needs must die,
 None would to Birds and Beasts deny.
 How can you then so cruel prove,
 As to preserve and torture Love ?
 That Beauty Nature kindly meant
 For her own Pride, and our Content ;

Why shou'd the Tyrant Honour make
Our greatest torment ? Let us break
His Yoke, and that base power disdain,
Which only keeps the good in pain.
In Love and War th' Impostor do's
The best to greatest harms expose:
Come then, my *Celia*, let's no more
This Devil, for a God adore.
Like foolish *Indians* we have been,
Whose whole Religion is a sin.
If we the Laws of Love had kept,
And not in Dreams of Honour slept,
He wou'd have surely, long ere this,
Have Crown'd us with the highest Bliss ;
Our Joy had then been as compleat,
As now our Folly has been great.
Let's lose no time then, but repent,
Love welcomes best a Penitent.

ANSWER.

By the same Author.

T *Hyrfis*, I wish, as well as you,
 To Honour there were nothing due :
 Then would I pay my Debt of Love
 In the same Coin that you approve ;
 Which now you must in Friendship take,
 'Tis all the Payment I can make ;
 Friendship so high, that I must say,
 'Tis rather Love with some allay.
 And rest contented, since that I
 As well my self as you deny.
 Learn then of me bravely to bear
 The want of what you hold most dear ;
 And that which Honour does in me,
 Let my Example work on thee.

TO
C E L I A.

By the same Author.

P*Rinces* make Laws, by which their Subjects
live,

And the high Gods, Rules for their Worship give.

How should poor Mortals else a Service find

At all proportion'd to their mighty Mind ?

Had it been left to us, each one would bring,

Of what he lik'd himself, an Offering ;

And with unwelcome Zeal, perhaps, displease

Th' offended *Deity* he would appease.

All powers but thine, this Mercy do allow,

And how they wou'd be serv'd themselves do
shew.

A rude *Barbarian* wou'd his Captiv'd Foe
Fully instruct in what he'd have him do,
And can it be, my *Celia*, that Love
Less kind than War shou'd to the vanquish't
prove.

Say, cruel Fair, then, would you that my flame
Shou'd for a while move under Friendship's
Or may it boldly, like it self appear, (Name;
And its own Tale deliver to your Ear?
Or must it in my tortur'd Bosome live,
Like Fire in quiet Flints, and no Light give:
And only then humbly send forth a small
Spark, when your self does on that Subject fall?
My Passion can with any Laws comply,
And for your sake do any thing, but Die.

T O

T O
CHLORIS.

By the same Author.

C*Hloris*, I justly am betray'd
By a Design my self had laid ;
Like an old Rook, whom in his Cheat,
A Run of Fortune does defeat.
I thought at first with a small Sum
Of Love, thy heap to overcome ;
Presuming on thy want of Art,
Thy gentle and unpractis'd Heart.
But naked Beauty can prevail,
Like open force, when Plots do fail.
Instead of that thou hast all mine,
And I have not one Stake of thine :

And,

And, like all Winners, do'st discover
 A willingness to give me over.
 And though I beg, thou wilt not now ;
 'Twere better thou should'st do so too :
 For I so far in Debt shall run,
 Even thee I shall be forc't to shun.
 My Hand, alas, is no more mine,
 Else it had long ago been thine :
 My Heart I give thee, and we call
 No Man unjust that parts with all.
 What a Priest says, moves not the mind,
 Souls are by Love, not Words, combin'd.

TO

*To a Lady, who told him he could
not Love.*

By the same Author.

MAdam, though meaner Beauties might,
Perhaps, have need of some such flight ;
Who to excuse their Rigour, must
Say they our Passions do mistrust,
And that they wou'd more pity shew,
Were they but sure our Loves were true.
You shou'd those petty Arts despise,
Secure of what is once your Prize.
We to our Slaves no Frauds address,
But as they are, our Minds express.
Tell me not then I cannot Love,
Say, rather, you it ne'er can move ;
Who can no more doubt of your Charms,
Than I resist such pow'rful Arms :

Whose

Whose numerous force that I withstood
So long, was not through any hope I cou'd
Escape their pow'r ; but through despair,
Which oft makes Courage out of fear.
I trembling saw how you us'd those
Who tamely yielded without blows :
Had you but one of all them spar'd,
I might, perhaps, have been ensnar'd,
And not have thus, e're I did yield,
Call'd Love's whole Force into the Field.
Yet now I'm Conquer'd, I will prove
Faithful as they that never strove.
All flames in matter, where too fast
They do not seize, the longer last.
Then blame not mine for moving flow,
Since all things durable are so.
The Oak that's for three hundred Years
Design'd in growing, one out-wears.
Whilst Flowers for a Season made
Quickly spring up, and quickly fade.

T O
C H L O R I S.

By the same Author.

C*Hloris*, you live ador'd by all,
And yet on none your Favours fall.
A stranger Mistress ne'er was known,
You pay us all in Paying none.
We him of Avarice accuse,
Who what he has, does fear to use:
But what Disease of Mind shall I
Call this, thy hated Penury?
Thou wilt not give out of a store,
Which no Profuseness can make poor.
Misers, when Dead, may make amends;
And in their Wills enrich their Friends.

But

But when thou Dy'st, thy Treasure dies,
And thou canst leave no Legacies.

What madness is it then to spare,
When we want power to make an Heir?

Live, *Chloris*, then at the full rate,
Of thy great Beauty ; and since Fate
To Love, and Youth, is so severe,
Enjoy'm freely while th'art here.

Some caution yet I'de have thee use,
Whene're thou dost a Servant chuse.

We are not all for Lovers fit,
No more than Arms or Arts of Wit.

For Wisdom some respected are,
Some we see po'w'rful at the Bar ;
Some for Preferment waste their time,

And the steep Hill of Honour climb ;
Others of Love their business make,
In Love their whole Diversion take.

Take one of those, for in one Breast
Two Passions live but ill at rest :

And

And even, of them, I'd have thee fly

All that take flame at every Eye.

All those that light and faithless are,

All that dare more than think thee fair.

Take one of Love who nothing says,

And yet whom every word betrays.

Love in the Cradle pretty shews,

And when't can speak, unruly grows.

THE PICTURE.

In Imitation of

ANACREON'S BATHILLUS.

By the Earl of Mulgrave.

THOU Flatterer of all the Fair;
Come, with all your skill, and care,
Draw me such a Shape, and Face,
As your Flatt'ry would disgrace.
Wish not that she would appear,
'Tis well for you she is not here;
Scarce can you with safety see
All her Charms describ'd by me,

H

Who

Who, alas, have found too well
 What a power does in them dwell ;
 I, alas, the danger know,
 I, alas, have felt the Blow ;
 Mourn, as lost, my former Days,
 That did not sing of *Celia's* praise ;
 And those few that are behind
 I shall blest, or wretched find,
 Only just as she is kind.

With her tempting Eyes begin,
 Eyes that might draw Angels in
 To a second sweeter sin.
 Oh, those wanton rowling Eyes !
 At each glance a Lover dies :
 Make them bright, yet make them willing,
 Let them look both kind and killing.

Next, draw her Forehead, then her Nose,
 And Lips just opening, which disclose

Teeth

Teeth so white, and Breath so sweet,
So much Beauty, so much Wit,
To our very Soul they strike,
All our Senses pleas'd alike;

But so pure a white and red
Never never can be said;
What are words in such a case?
What is paint to such a Face?
How should either Art avail us?
Fancy here it self will fail us.

In her Looks, and in her Mien
Such a graceful Air is seen,
That if you with all your Art
Can but reach the smallest part,
Next to her, the Matchless She,
We shall wonder most at Thee.

Then, her Neck, and Breasts, and Hair,
 And her ----- but my Charming Fair
 Does in a thousand things excel,
 Which I must not, dare not tell.

How go on then? Oh, I see
 A Lovely *Venus* drawn by Thee;
 Oh how fair she does appear!
 Touch it only here and there;
 Make her yet seem more Divine,
 Your *Venus* then may look like mine, -
 Whose bright form, if once you saw,
 You by her would *Venus* draw.

T O A

Coquet Beauty.

By the same Author

From Wars and Plagues come no such
harms,

As from a Nymph so full of Charms,

So much sweetness in her Face,

In her Motions such a Grace,

In her kind inviting Eyes

Such a soft Enchantment lies,

That we please our selves too soon,

And are with vain hopes undone.

H 3

After

After all her softness, we
Are but Slaves, while she is free ;
Free, alas, from all desire,
Except to set the World on fire.

Thou, fair Dissembler, dost but thus
Deceive thy self as well as us ;
Like Ambitious Monarchs, thou
Would'st rather force Mankind to bow,
And venture o'er the World to roam,
Than govern with content at home.
But trust me, *Celia*, trust me when
Apollo's self inspires my Pen,
One hour of Love's Delights out-weighs
Whole Years of Universal Praise,
And one Adorer kindly used,
Is of more use, than Crowds refused.

For

For what does Youth and Beauty serve?

Why more than all your Sex deserve?

Why such soft alluring Arts

To charm our Eyes, and melt our Hearts?

By our loss, you nothing gain;

Unless you love, you please in vain.

S O N G.

By the same Author.

From all Uneasie Passions Free,
 Revenge, Ambition, Jéalousie,
 Contented I had been too blest,
 If Love and You would let me Rest.
 Yet that Dull Life I now Despise ;
 Safe from your Eyes,
 I fear'd no Griefs, but, Oh, I found no Joys.

Amidst a thousand soft Desires,
 Which Beauty moves, and Love inspires ;
 I feel such pangs of Jealous Fear,
 No heart so kind as mine can bear.
 Yet I'll defie the worst of harms ;
 Such are those Charms,
 'Tis worth a Life, to Die within your Arms.

The

*The Parting of Hector with his Princess
Andromache, and only Son Aftyanax,
when he went upon his last Expedition,
in which he was Slain by Achilles.*

Done out of the Greek of Homer, *Iliad. 6.*

By Knightly Chetwood.

Hector, though warn'd by an approaching
Cry,

That to *Troy* Walls the Conqu'ring *Greeks* drew
nigh ;

T' his Princess one short Visit pays in haste,

Some *Demon* told him this would be his *last* :

Her (swiftly passing through the spacious Streets)

He nor at home, nor in the *Circle* meets,

Nor

104 *Hector's Farewel to Andromache.*

Nor at * *Minerva's*, where the Beauteous Train
Made *Prayers* and *Vows* to *angry Powers* in *vain*.

She, half distracted with the loud Alarms,

(The Prince was carry'd in his Nurse's Arms)

Runs to a Turret, whose commanding height
Presented all the Battel to her sight,

Advancing *Grecians*, and the *Trojans* flight.

Here *Hector* finds her, with a Lover's Pace

She speeds, and breathless sinks in his Embrace :

The Nurse came after with her Princely care,

As *Hesperus* fresh, promising, and fair,

Hector in little, with paternal Joy

He blest in *silent* Smiles the Lovely Boy.

The Princess, at his sight compos'd again,

Pressing his Hand, do's gently thus complain :

*My Dearest Lord, believe a careful Wife,
You are too lavish of your precious Life:*

* Note, The Temple of *Minerva*.

Hector's Farewel to Andromache. 105

*You foremost into every danger run,
Of me regardless, and your little Son.
Shortly the Greeks, what none can singly do,
Will compass, pointing all the War, at you.
But before that day comes (Heavens) may I have
The mournful Privilege of an early Grave!
For I, of your dear Company bereft,
Have no Reserve, no second Comfort left.
My Father, who did in Cilicia Reign,
By fierce Achilles was in Battel Slain:
His Arms that Savage Conquerour durst not spoil,
But paid just Honours to his Funeral Pile:
Wood-Nymphs about his Grave have planted since
A rural Monument to a mighty Prince:
Seven Brothers, who seven Legions did Command,
Had the same Fate, from the same murdering hand.
My Mother too, who their sad Heir did reign,
With a vast Treasure was Redeem'd in vain;
For she soon clos'd her Empire, and her Breath,
By Wretches lost good fortune---Sudden Death.*

Thus

106 *Hector's Farewel to Andromache.*

*Thus Father, Mother, Brethren, all is gone,
 But they seem all alive in you alone.
 To gain you, those Endearments I have sold,
 And like the Purchase---if the Title hold.
 Have pity then, here in this Tower abide,
 And round the Walls and Works your Troops divide.
 But now the Greeks, by both their Generals led,
 Ajax, Idomeneus, Diomedé,
 With all their most experienc'd Chiefs, and brave,
 Three fierce Attacks upon the Out-works gave ;
 Some God their Courage to this pitch did raise,
 Or this is one of Troy's unlucky Days.*

*Hector reply'd, This you have said, and more,
 I have revolv'd in serious Thoughts before.
 But I not half so much those Grecians fear,
 As Carpet-Knights, State-Dames, and Flatterers here,
 For they, if ever I decline the Fight,
 Miscall wise Conduct Cowardise and Flight ;*

Others

Hector's Farewel to Andromache. 107

*Others may methods chuse the most secure,
My Life no middle Courses can endure:
Urg'd by my own, and my great Father's Name,
I must add something to our ancient Fame.
Embarqu'd in Ilium's Cause, I cannot fly,
Will Conquer with it, or must for it die:
But still some boding Genius does portend
To all my Toils an unsuccessful end,
For how can Man with heavenly Powers contend?
The Day advances with the swiftest pace,
Which Troy, and all her Glories, shall deface,
Which Asia's sacred Empire shall confound,
And these proud Towers lay level with the ground:
But all compar'd with you does scarce appear,
When I presage your case, I learn to fear:
When you by some proud Conquerour shall be led
A mournful Captive to a Master's Bed.
Perhaps some haughty Dame your hands shall doom,
To Weave Troy's Downfal, in a Grecian Loom.*

Or

108 Hector's Farewel to Andromache.

Or lower yet, you may be forc'd to bring
 Water to Argos, from Hiperia's Spring;
 And as you measure out the tedious way,
 Some one shall, pointing to his Neighbour, say,
 See to what Fortune Hector's Wife is brought,
 That famous General, that for Ilium fought.
 This will renew your sorrows without end,
 Depriv'd in such a Day, of such a Friend.
 But this is Fancy, or before it I
 Low in the Dust will with my Country lie.

Then to his Infant he his Arms addrest,
 The Child clung, crying, to his Nurse's Breast,
 Scar'd at the burnish'd Arms, and threat'ning
 Crest.

This made them smile, whilst Hector doth embrace
 His shining Helmet, and disclos'd his Face:
 Then dancing the pleas'd Infant in the Air,
 Kiss'd him, and to the Gods conceiv'd this Prayer:

Hector's Farewel to Andromache. 109

Jove, and you Heavenly Powers, whoever bear
Hector's Request with a Propitious Ear,
Grant, this my Child in Honour and Renown
May equal me, wear, and deserve the Crown:
And when from some great Action he shall come
Laden with Hostile Spoils in Triumph home,
May Trojans say, Hector great things hath done,
But is surpass'd by his Illustrious Son.
This will rejoyce his tender Mothers Heart,
And sense of Joy to my pale Ghost impart.

Then in the Mothers Arms he puts the Child,
With trouble'd Joy, in flowing Tears The smil'ing
Beauty and Grief shew'd all their Pomp and Pride,
Whilst those soft Passions did her Looks divide.
This Scene even Hector's Courage melted down,
But soon recovering, with a Lords Frown,

110 Hector's Farewel to Andromache.

*Madam (says he) these Fancies put away,
I cannot Die before my fatal Day.
Heaven, when we first take in our vital Breath,
Decrees the way, and moment of our Death.
Women should fill their Heads with Womens Cares,
And leave to Men (unquestion'd) Mens Affairs.
A Truncheon futes not with a Ladies Hand,
War is my Province that in chief Command.
The Beauteous Princess silently withdrew,
Turns oft, and with sad, wishing Eyes, does her
Lords Steps pursue.
Pensive to her Apartment she returns;
And with Prophetick Tears approaching Evils
laments.
Then tells all to her Maids, officious they
His Funeral Rites to living Hector pay,
Whilst forth he rushes through the * Scæan Gate,
Does his own part, and leaves the rest to Fate.*

* The Left Gate, accounted Ominous.

O N A
P O E T

Who Writ in the Praise of

S A T Y R.

By the Earl of Rochester.

TO vex and torture thy unmeaning Brain
 In Satyr's praise, to a low untun'd strain,
 In thee, was most impertinent and vain.
 When in thy Person we more plainly see
 That Satyr's of Divine Authority ;
 For God made one on Man, when he made thee:

In whom are all those Contradictions joyn'd,
That make a Fop prodigious, and refin'd ;
A Lump deform'd and shapeless, wert thou born,
Begot in Love's despight, and Nature's scorn,
And art grown up the most ungainly Wight,
Harsh to the Ear, and hideous to the Sight :
Yet Love's thy Business, Beauty thy Delight.
Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd
Thy Longing to Admire, and be Admir'd,
To paint thy Grizly Face, to Dance, to Dress,
And all those awkward Motions that express
Thy Loathsome Love, and Filthy Daintiness.
Who needs will be an Ugly *Beau*, *Garsoon*,
Spit at, and scorn'd by every Girl in Town ;
Where dreadfully Love's Scare-crow thou art
 plac'd
To fright the tender Flock, who long to taste.
For none so Lewd and Silly yet have prov'd,
Where thou mad'st Love, t' endure to be Be-
 lov'd.

'Twere

'Twere Counsel lost, or else I would advise ;
But thy half Wit will ne'er let thee be Wise :
Half Witty, and half Mad, and scarce half
Brave,
Half Honest, which is very much ; a Knave,
Made up of All those Halves, thou canst not
pass
For any thing intirely but an *Ass* :

A
F A R E W E L
T O
L O V E.

O Nce more Love's mighty Chains are
broke,

His Strength and Cunning I defie :

Once more I have thrown off his Yoke,
And am a Man; and do despise the Boy.

Thanks to her Pride, and her Disdain,
And all the Follies of a scornful Mind :

I had ne'er possess'd my Heart again,
If Fair *Miranda* had been kind.

Welcome

Welcome, Fond Wanderer, as Ease
And Plenty to a Wretch in pain,
That worn with Want and a Disease,
Enjoys his Health, and all his Friends again.
Let others waste their Time and Youth,
Watch and look pale, to gain a peevish Maid,
And learn too late this dear-bought Truth,
At length they're sure to be betray'd.

By a Person of HONOUR. *

THough, *Phillis*, your prevailing Charms
 Have forc'd me from my *Celia's* Arms,
 That kind defence against all Powers,
 But those resistless Eyes of yours:
 Think not your Conquest to maintain,
 By Rigour and unjust disdain.
 In vain, fair Nymph, in vain you strive,
 For Love does seldom Hope survive.
 My Heart may Languish for a time,
 Whilst all your Glories in their prime,
 Can justify such Cruelty,
 By the same force that Conquer'd me.
 When Age shall come, at whose command
 Those Troops of Beauties must disband;
 A Tyrant's strength once took away,
 What Slave so dull as to Obey?

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

T O

Every Man in his Humor.

By the same Author.

*

INtreaty shall not serve, nor Violence,
 To make me speak in such a Play's defence;
 A Play, where Wit and Humour do agree
 To break all practis'd Laws of *Comedy*:
 The Scene (what more absurd) in *England* lies,
 No Gods descend, nor dancing Devils rise;
 No Captive Prince, from nameless Countrey
 brought,
 No Battel, nay, there's not a Duel fought.

I 4

And

118 EPILOGUE, &c.

And something yet more sharply might be said.
 But I consider the poor Author's Dead :
 Let that be his Excuse---Now for our own,
 Why---Faith, in my Opinion, we need none.
 The parts were fitted well ; but some will say,
Pox on 'em Rogues, What made 'em chuse this Play ?
 I do not doubt but you will credit me,
 It was not Choice, but meer Necessity.
 To all our writing Friends, in Town, we sent,
 But not a Wit durst venture out in *Lent*.
 Have patience but till *Easter-Term*, and then
 You shall have Jigg and Hobby-horse again.
 Here's Mr. *Matthew*, or Domestick Wit,
 Does promise one of the ten Plays h'as writ :
 But since great Bribes weigh nothing with the
 Just,
 Know, we have Merits, and in them we trust ;
 When any Fasts, or Holy-days, defer
 The publick Labours of the *Theatre*.

We

We ride not forth, although the Day be fair,
 On Ambling Tit, to take the Suburb-air :
 But with our Authors meet, and spend that time
 To make up Quarrels between Sense and Rhyme.
Wednesdays and *Fridays*, constantly we fate,
 Till after many a long and free debate,
 For divers weighty Reasons, 'twas thought fit,
 Unruly Sense shou'd still to Rhyme submit.
 This the most wholesome Law we ever made,
 So strictly in this *Epilogue* obey'd :
 Sure, no Man here will ever dare to break.

Enter Johnson's Ghost.

Hold, and give way, for I my self will speak,
 Can you encourage so much Insolence,
 And add new faults still to the great Offence
 Your Ancestors so rashly did commit
 Against the mighty Powers of Art and Wit ?
 When they condemn'd those noble works of mine
Sejanus, and my best-lov'd *Cataline* :

Repent,

Repent, or on your guilty Heads shall fall
The Curse of many a Rhyming Pastoral :
The three bold *Beauchamps* shall revive again,
And with the *London* Prentice conquer *Spain*.
All the dull Follies of the former Age
Shall rise and find applause upon this *Stage*.
But if you pay the great Arrears of Praise,
So long since due to my much injur'd Plays :
From all past Crimes I first will set you free,
And then inspire some one to write like me.

6

U P O N

UPON THE
DEATH

Of His GRACE the Late
Duke of ORMOND,
Anno 1687.

By Knightly Chetwood.

R *Eligious Discord, Fury of this Isle,
A little Truce, cease your harsh Notes a
while!*

*Honour, Religion, Vertue, Learning, all
Demand our Tears at their Great Patron's fall.*

Whilst

*Whilst slight Court-Meteors, soon advancing
 high,
 Short-liv'd too long, once seen neglected die ;
 At Eighty Years Ormond's Propitious Light
 Seems immaturely ravish'd from our sight.
 Some Prosperom Star torn from his Native Sphere,
 Would cause such Wonder and Confusion there.*

*The Vertues of four Reigns he kept intire
 Fin'd from the Dross, as Gold by Chymick fire.
 Exalted Vertues, which here want a Name,
 Too weighty for the labouring Wings of Fame !
 Of Ancient Honour, Loyalty, and Truth,
 The Noblest Standard for our wand'ring Youth.
 Thus whilst the Patriarch liv'd, who pass'd the Flood,
 The Jewish State by Ancient Maxims stood ;
 But He once gone, the Base, Degenerate Age,
 Sunk to its old Apostasie, and Rage.*

Some

*Some have in Courts, others in Camps been
great,*

In Businets some, some in a Wife Retreat,

Ormond in all, his vast Imperious Mind

Excell'd in each, as if to one confin'd:

All times of Life, all Stations he could grace,

The distant Poles of goodness did embrace,

With crowding Lights, fill'd all the glorious Space.

Thro' several Climes he a bright Course did run,

Kind, as the enliv'ning Progres of the Sun.

Warm'd by his Beams, even sad Hybernia's Isle

Look'd up, and chear'd her Visage with a Smile;

Mov'd Britain's Envy, but, her Patron dead,

Deep in his Fens, her Genius sinks his Head.

O---rd, which, during this Apollo's Reign,

Rival'd your Sister, and improv'd your Vein,

*If you just Tribute to his Hearse deny,
 Your Swans fall Speechless, and your Streams be
 dry.*

*Some grateful Voice his Glorious Life shall sing,
 More above Subjects, than beneath a King.*

To His Grace the present D U K E.

T*His Atlas gone, what Hero do's remain,
 The ponderous Mass of Honours to su-
 stain?*

*'Tis You, Great Sir, his Rights, his Vertues
 too,*

(That best Succession !) are devolv'd on You.

Your

To the present Duke of Ormond. 125

*Your Mind, well-ballast'd, bears the prosperous
Gales,*

They cannot over-set, scarce fill your Sails.

What a fair, steady Course you steer along

Thro' Scylla's Barkings, and false Syrens Song !

Your Friendship not debas'd by Treacherous Art,

Your Actions speak the Language of your Heart.

Fortune despairs, or Flattering, or Unkind,

To daunt your Courage, or corrupt your Mind.

Some plac'd in foolish Pride's new tottering Seat,

Grow less from little, labouring to look Great :

Such do not rise, but weigh great Titles down,

Their Misplac'd Coronets but eclipse the Crown :

Whilst your digested Honour easie lies,

Came as a Debt, not taken by Surprise.

Thus Torrents, Creatures of the Winter Sky,

O'erflow whilst hurtful, in the heats grow dry :

Bat

126 *To the present Duke of Ormond.*

*But Sacred Nile warm'd by the Rising Sun,
With him a thousand Leagues from his high Source
do's run ;*

*With a rich Deluge all the Plains do's blefs:
Ægypt were ruin'd, if his Streams were lefs.*

T O

*The Earl of ROCHESTER's
Answer, to a Paper of Verses, sent
him by L. B. Felton, and taken out of
the Translation of Ovid's Epistles,*
1680.

WHat strange Surprise to meet such
Words as these?

Such Terms of Horrour were ne'er chose to
please :

To meet, midst Pleasures of a Jovial Night,
Words that can only give amaze and fright,
No gentle thought that does to Love invite. }
Were it not better for your Arms t' employ,
Grasping a Lover in pursuit of Joy,

K

Than

128 *The E. of Rochester's Answer, &c.*

Than handling Sword, and Pen, Weapons
unfit :

Your Sex gains Conquest, by their Charms and
Wit.

Of Writers slain I could with pleasure hear,
Approve of Fights, o'er-joy'd to cause a Tear ;
So slain, I mean, that she should soon revive,
Pleas'd in my Arms to find her self Alive.

T O

T O A

Very Young L A D Y.

By Sir George Etherege.

Sweetest Bud of Beauty, may
 No untimely Frost decay
 Th' early glories which we trace,
 Blooming in thy matchless Face;
 But kindly opening, like the Rose,
 Fresh Beauties every day disclose,
 Such as by Nature are not shewn
 In all the Blossoms she has blown;
 And then what conquest shall you make,
 Who hearts already daily take;
 Scorcht in the Morning with thy beams,
 How shall we bear those sad extremes
 Which must attend thy threatening Eyes,
 When thou shalt to thy Noon arise.

In A

K 2

THE

THE
Forfaken Mistrefs.

By the same Author.

DIALOGUE.

Phil. **T**ELL me, gentle *Strephon*, why
You from my Embraces fly?

Does my Love thy Love destroy?

Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay, O stay, and I will feign

(Though I break my Heart) disdain;

But lest I too unkind appear,

For ev'ry Frown I'll shed a Tear.

And

And if in vain, I court thy Love,
Let mine, at least, thy pity move:
Ah while I scorn, vouchsafe to woo,
Methinks you may dissemble too.

Strep. Ah *Phillis*, that you wou'd contrive
A way to keep my Love alive,
But all your other Charms must fail,
When Kindness ceases to prevail.
Alas! No less than you, I grieve,
My dying flame has no reprieve,
For I can never hope to find,
Shou'd all the Nymphs, I Court, be kind,
One Beauty able to renew
Those Pleasures I enjoy in you,
When Love and Youth did both conspire
To fill our Breasts and Veins with fire,

'Tis true, ſome other Nymph may gain
That Heart which merits your Diſdain,
But ſecond Love has ſtill allay,
The Joys grow aged, and decay.
Then blame me not for loſing more
Than Love and Beauty can reſtore :
And let this truth thy comfort prove,
I wou'd, but can no longer Love.

T H E

DIVIDED HEART.

By the same Author.

A H ! *Celia*, that I were but sure,
 Thy Love, like mine, cou'd still endure ;
 That Time and Absence, which destroy
 The Cares of Lovers, and their Joy,
 Cou'd never rob me of that part
 Which you have giv'n me of your Heart ;
 Others unenvy'd might possess
 Whole Hearts, and boast that Happiness.

'Twas Nobler Fortune to divide
 The *Roman Empire* in her Pride,
 Than on some low and barb'rous Throne,
 Obscurely plac'd, to rule alone.

K 4

Love

Love only from thy Heart exacts
The several Debts thy Face contracts,
And by that new and juster way,
Secures thy *Empire* and his sway ;
Fav'ring but one, he might compel
The hopeless Lover to rebel.

But shou'd he other Hearts thus share,
That in the whole so worthless are,
Shou'd into several Squadrons draw
That strength, which kept entire cou'd awe,
Men would his scatter'd Powers deride,
And conqu'ring Him those spoils divide.

*To Mr. J. N. on his Translations out of
French and Italian.*

By the same Author.

WHile others toil, our Country to supply
With what we need only for Luxury,
Spices, and Silk, in the rich East provide,
To glut our Avarice, and feed our Pride.
You Foreign Learning prosperously transmit,
To raise our Virtue, and provoke our Wit.
Such brave Designs your Gen'rous Soul inflame
To be a bold Adventurer for Fame ;
How much oblig'd are *Italy* and *France*,
While with your Voice their Musick you advance?
Your growing Fame with Envy can oppose,
Who sing with no less Art than they Compose ;

In

136 To Mr. J. N. on his *Translations*

In these Attempts, so few have had success,
Their *Beauties* suffer in our *English* Dress :
By Artless Hands, spoil'd of their Native Ayr,
They seldom pass from moderately fair :
As if you meant these Injuries to atone,
You give them Charms, more Conqu'ring than
their own.

Not like the dull laborious Flatterer,
With secret Art those Graces you confer.
The skilful Painters, with slight strokes impart,
That subtil *Beauty* which affects the Heart.
There are, who publicly profess they hate
Translations, and yet all they Write, Translate :
So proud, they scorn to drive a Lawful Trade,
Yet by their Wants, are shameless Pirates made :
These you incense, while you their Thefts reveal,
Or else prevent in what they meant to steal
From all besides ; you are secure of praise,
But you so high our Expectation raise,

A gen'ral Discontent we shall declare,
If such a Workman only should repair.
You to the Dead, your Piety have shewn,
Adorn'd their Monuments, now build your own :
Drawn in the East, we in your Lines may trace
That *Genius* which of old inspir'd the place :
The banish'd Muses back to *Greece* you bring,
Where their best Airs you so Divinely sing ;
The World must own they are by you restor'd
To sacred shades, where they were first ador'd.

Virtues

2

Virtue's Urania.

By the same Author.

HOpeless I languish out my Days,
Struck with *Urania's* Conqu'ring Eyes :
The Wretch at whom she darts these rays,
Must feel the Wound until he dies.

Though endless be her Cruelty,
Calling her *Beauties* to my Mind,
I bow beneath her Tyranny,
And dare not murmur she's unkind.

Reason this tameness does upbraid,
Proff'ring to arm in my defence ;
But when I call her to my aid,
She's more a Traytor than my sense.

No sooner I the War declare,
But strait her succour she denies,
And joyning Forces with the Fair,
Confirms the *Conquest* of her Eyes.

TO

SYLVIA.

By the same Author.

THe Nymph that undoes me, is Fair and
Unkind,
No less than a Wonder by Nature design'd;
She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my
Eye,
And the cause of a Flame that never can die.

Her Mouth, from whence Wit still obliging-
ly flows,
Has the Beautiful Blush, and the Smell of the
Rose;

Love

Love and Destiny both attend on her Will,
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown she
can kill.

The Desperate Lover can hope no redress,
Where *Beauty* and Rigour are both in excess ;
In *Sylvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must Love, and who Loves her
must die.

TO

T O
C E L I A.

By Sir Charles Sedley.

AS in those Nations where they yet adore
 Marble and Cedar, and their aid implore,
 'Tis not the Workman, nor the precious Wood,
 But 'tis the Worshipper that makes the *God*:
 So, cruel Fair, tho Heaven has giv'n thee all
 We Mortals (Virtue, or can *Beauty*) call,
 'Tis we that give the Thunder to your Frowns,
 Darts to your Eyes, and to our selves the Wounds.
 Without our Love, which proudly you deride,
 Vain were your *Beauty*, and more vain your Pride,
 All envy'd Beings that the World can shew,
 Still to some meaner thing their greatness owe.

Subjects

Subjects make Kings, and we (the numerous
Train

Of Humble Lovers) Constitute thy Reign.

This difference only Beauties Realm may boast,

Where most it favours, it enslaves the most.

And they to whom it is indulgent found,

Are ever in the rudest Fetters bound.

What Tyrant yet, but thee, was ever known

Cruel to those that serv'd to make him one?

Valour's a Vice, if not with Honour joyn'd,

And Beauty a Disease, when 'tis not kind.

I. THE

T H E S U B M I S S I O N .

By the same Author.

AH! Pardon, *Madam*, if I ever thought
Your smallest Favours could too dear be
bought ;

And the just greatness of your Servant's Flame,

I did the poorness of their Spirits Name ;

Calling their due attendance, Slavery,

Your power of Life and Death, flat Tyranny ;

Since now I yield, and do confess, there is

No way too hard that leads to such a bliss.

So when *Hippomanes* beheld the Race,

Where Loss was Death, and Conquest but a
Face,

He

He stood amazed at the fatal strife,
Wondring that Love shou'd dearer be than Life;
But when he saw the Prize, no longer staid,
But through those very dangers fought the Maid,
And won her too : O may his Conquest prove
A happy Omen to my purer Love ;
Which, if the honour of all Victory
In the resistance of the Vanquisht lie,
Though, it may be, the least regarded Prize,
Is not the smallest Trophy of your Eyes.

CONSTANCY.

By the same Author.

Fear not, *My Dear*, a Flame can never die,
 That is once kindled by so bright an Eye :
 Look on thy self, and measure thence my Love,
 Think what a Passion such a Form must move ;
 For though thy Beauty first allur'd my Sight,
 Yet now I look on it but as the Light
 That led me to the Treasury of thy Mind,
 Whose inward Virtue in that Feature shin'd.
 That knot (be confident) will ever last,
 Which Fancy ty'd, and Reason has made fast ;
 So fast, that time (although it may disarm
 Thy Lovely Face) my Faith can never harm ;

And

And Age, deluded when it comes, will find
My Love remov'd, and to thy Soul assign'd.
The Passion I have now, shall ne'er grow less:
No, though thy own Fair Self should it oppress.
I could e'en hazard my Eternity,
Love but again, and 'twill a Heaven be.

THE INDIFFERENCE.

By the same Author.

THanks, Fair *Urania*, to your scorn,
I now am free as I was born ;
Of all the Pain that I endur'd,
By your late Coldness, I am Cur'd.

In losing me, proud Nymph, you lose
The Humblest Slave your Beauty knows ;
In losing you, I but throw down
A Cruel Tyrant from her Throne.

I must

I must confess, I ne'er could find
Your equal, or in Shape, or Mind.
Y'ave Beauty, Wit, and all things know,
But where you shou'd your Love bestow.

I unawares, my Freedom gave,
And to those Tyrants grew a Slave ;
But would y'ave kept what you have won,
You should have more Compassion shewn.

Love is a burthen, which two Hearts,
When equally they bear their parts ;
With pleasure carry, but no one,
Alas, can bear it long alone.

I'm not of those, who Court their Pain,
And make an Idol of Disdain ;
My hope in Love, does ne'er expire,
But I lose also the Desire.

Nor yet of those, who ill receiv'd,
Would gladly have strange things believ'd,
And if your Heart you do defend,
Their Force against your Honour bend.

Whoe'er does make his Victor less,
His own low weakness does confess ;
And whiles her pow'r he does defame,
He poorly doubles his own shame.

Even that Malice does betray,
And speak concern another way :
And all such scorn in Men is but
The Smoak of Fires ill put out,

He's still in Torment, whom the Rage
To Detraction does engage ;
In Love, *Indifference* is sure
The only sign of perfect Cure.

Yet,

Yet, Cruel Fair, if thou canst prove
As happy in some other Love,
As I could once have done in thine,
The Sun on Happier does not shine,

A

A
Pastoral Dialogue.

By the same Author.

Thyrsis.

Strephon ! O Strephon ! Once the Jolliest Lad,
That with shrill Pipe did ever Mountain
glad,

While'ome the formost at our Rural Plays,
The Pride and Glory of our Holy-days :
Why dost thou now sit musing all alone,
Teaching the Turtles yet a sadder Groan ?
Well'd with thy Tears, why does the Neigh-
b'ring Brook

Bear to the Ocean what she never took ?

Why

Why do our Woods, so us'd to hear thee Sing,
With nothing now but with thy Sorrows ring?
Thy Flocks are well and fruitful, and no Swain
Than thee more welcome to the Hill or Plain,

Strephon.

No loss of these, or care of those are left,
Hath wretched *Strephon* of his Peace bereft;
I could invite the Wolf, my Cruel Guest,
And play unmov'd, while he on all did Feast;
I could endure that every Swain out-run,
Out-threw, Out-wrestl'd, and each Nymph
shou'd shun

The hapless *Strephon*: But the Gods, I find,
To no such trifles have this Heart design'd;
A feller grief, and sadder loss, I plain,
Than ever Shepherd, or did Prince, sustain;
Bright *Galatea*, in whose matchless Face
Sate Rural Innocence with Heavenly Grace,

In

In whose no less to be adored mind,
With equal light, even distant Virtues shin'd,
Chaste, without pride; though gentle, yet not
soft;

Not always cruel, nor yet kind too oft :
Fair Goddesses of these Fields, who for our sports,
Though she might well become despised Courts,
Belov'd of all, and loving one alone,
Is from my sight, I fear, for ever gone ;
Now I am sure thou wondrest not, I grieve :
But rather art amazed that I Live,

Thyrsis.

Thy Case indeed is pitiful, but yet
Thou on thy loss too great a price dost set ;
Women, like Days are, *Strephon*, some be far
More bright and glorious than others are ;
Yet none so wonderful were ever seen,
But by as Fair they have succeeded been.

Strephon.

Strephon.

Others as Fair, and may as worthy prove,
But sure I never shall another Love ;
Her bright *Idea* wanders in my Thought,
At once my Poyson, and my Antidote ;
The Stag shall sooner with the Eagle soar :
Seas leave their Fishes naked on the shoar ;
The Wolf shall sooner by the Lambkin die,
And from the Kid the hungry Lyon flie ;
Than I forget her Face ; what once I Love,
May from my Eyes, but not my Heart remove.

T O

*To a Lady, who fled the Sight
of him.*

By Sir George Etherege.

IF I my *Celia* cou'd perswade
To see those Wounds her Eyes have made,
And hear, whilst I that Passion tell,
Which, like her self, does so excel,
How soon we might be freed from Care !
She need not fear, nor I despair.

Such Beauty does the Nymph protect,
That all approach her with respect ;
And can I offer Violence
Where Love does joyn in her defence ?

This

To a Lady, who fled the Sight of him. 157

This Guard might all her Fears disperse,
Did she with *Savages* Converſe.
Then my *Celia* wou'd ſurprize
With what's produc'd by her own Eyes;
Thoſe matchleſs Flames which they inſpire
In her own Breaſt, ſhou'd raiſe a fire
For Love, but with more ſubtil Art,
As well as Beauty charms the Heart.

TO

*To a Lady, asking him how long he
would Love her.*

By the same Author.

IT is not, *Celia*, in our power
To say how long our Love will last,
It may be we within this Hour
May lose those Joys we now do taste ;
The Blessed, that Immortal be,
From Change in Love are only free.
Then, since we Mortal Lovers are,
Ask not how long our Love will last ;
But while it does, let us take care
Each Minute be with Pleasure past ;
Were it not madness to deny
To Live, because w'are sure to Die.

S O N G.

T O
Mr. G. Granville,
 O N H I S
 V E R S E S
 T O T H E
 K I N G.

By Mr. Edmund Waller.

AN Early Plant, which such a Blossom bears,
 And shows a Genius so beyond his Years;
 A Judgment which could make so fair a Choice,
 So high a Subject to employ his Voice,
 Still as it grows, How sweetly will it sing,
 The growing Greatness of our Matchless *King*?

M

TO

T O
Mr. *WALLER*.

By *Mr. G. Granville*.

When into *Lybia*, the Young *Grecians*
came,

To Talk with *Hammon*, and Consult for Fame ;
When from the Sacred Tripod where he stood,
The Priest inspir'd, Saluted him, a God ;
So own'd by Heaven, less glorious far was he,
Great God of Verse, than I, thus Prais'd by
Thee ;

Whoe'er their Names, can in thy Numbers
show,
Have more than Empire, and Immortal
grow :

Ages

Ages to come, shall scorn the Pow'rs of Old,
When in thy Verse, of Greater Gods they're
told.

Our Beauteous Queen, and Martial Monarch's
Name,

For *Jove* and *Juno*, shall be plac'd by Fame ;

Thy *Charles*, for *Neptune*, shall the Seas Com-
mand,

And *Sacharissa* shall for *Venus* stand :

Greece shall no longer Boast, nor Haughty *Rome*,

But think from *Britain*, all the Gods did come.

to come from the bow of Old
 in the Valley of Gennesa, the
 sold

ON
MYRA's Singing.

By the same Author.

THE Syrens, once Deluded, Vainly
 Charm'd,

Ty'd to the Mast, *Ulysses* Sail'd un-harm'd :
 Had *Myra's* Voice Entic'd his Lift'ning Ear,
 The Greek had stop't, and wou'd have Dy'd to
 hear :

When *Myra* Sings, we seek th' Enchanting
 Sound,

And Bless the Notes which do so sweetly
 Wound.

What Musick needs must dwell upon that
 Tongue,

Whose Speech is Tune-full, as another's Song ;
 Such

Such Harmony, such Wit, a Face so fair,
So many pointed Arrows, who can bear?
The Slave that from her Wit, or Beauty flies,
If she but reach him with her Voice, he Dies.
Like Soldiers, so in Battle we succeed,
One Peril scaping, by another Bleed:
In vain the Dart, or glittering Sword we shun,
Condemn'd to Perish by the Slaughtering Gun.

such Harmony, such Wit, a Face so fair,
 so many pointed Arrows, who can bear?

The Slave that from her Wit, or Beauty flies,
 the but reach him with her Voice, he Dies.

Praise of MYRA.

By the same Author.

TUNE thy Harmonious Lyre: Begin my
 Muse,

What Nymph? What Queen? What Goddeſs
 ſhall we chuſe?

Whoſe Praiſes ſhall we Sing? What Charmer's
 Name

Transmit Immortal down to Fame?

Strike, ſtrike thy Strings; let Echo take the
 Sound,

And bear it far, to all the Mountains round:

Pyndus again ſhall hear, again rejoyce,

And *Hemus* too, as when th' Enchanting Voice

Of

In Praise of MYRA. 165

Of Tuneful *Orpheus* Charm'd the Grove,
Taught Oaks to Dance, and made the Cedars
move.

II.

Nor *Venus*, nor *Diana* will we Name,
Myra is *Venus* and *Diana* too,

All that was feign'd of them, apply'd to her,
is true :

Then Sing, my Muse ; let *Myra* be our Theam.
As when the Shepherds do their Garland make,
They search, with pains, the Fragrant Mea-
dows round,

Plucking but here and there, and only take
The Choicest Flow'rs, with which some
Nymph is Crown'd.

In Framing *Myra* so Divinely Fair,

Nature has taken the same care ;
All that is Lovely, Noble, Good, we see,
All-beauteous *Myra*, all bound up in Thee.

III.

Where *Myra* is, there is the Queen of Love,
Th' *Arcadian* Pastures, and the *Cyprian* Grove.
When *Myra* Walks, so Charming is her Meen,
In every Movement, every Grace is seen.
When *Myra* speaks, so just's the sense and strong,
So Sweet the Voice, 'tis like the Muse's Song,
Place me on Mountains of Eternal Snow,
Where all is Ice, all Winter Winds that blow ;
Or cast me underneath the Burning Line,
Where everlasting Sun do's shine,
Where all is scorcht-----Whatever you decree,
Ye Gods, wherever I shall be,
Myra shall still be Lov'd, and still Ador'd by Me.

S O N G.

S O N G.

By the same Author.

PRepar'd to Rail, Resolv'd to Part,
 When I approach the Perjur'd Maid;
 What is it awes my Timorous Heart?
 Why is my Tongue afraid?

With the least Glance a little kind,
 Such wondrous Pow'r have *Myra's* Charms!
 She drives my Doubts, Enslaves my Mind,
 And all my Rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken Vows,
 when gazing on that Form Divine,
 Her Injur'd Vassal, trembling bows,
 Nor dares the Slave Repine.

S O N G.

S O N G.

By the same Author.

SO Smooth, and so Serene but now,
 What means this Change on *Myra's* Brow?
 Her Aguish Love now glows and burns,
 Then chills, and shakes, and the Cold Fit returns.

Mockt with deluding Vows and Smiles,
 When on her Pity I depend,
 My airy hope she soon beguiles,
 And Laughs to see my Labours never end.

So up the Steepy Hill with pain,
 The weighty Stone is row'd in vain ;
 Which having toucht the top, recoils,
 And leaves the Labourer * to renew his Toils.

* *Sisyphus.*

VERSES

Sent from an Unknown Hand, To

Mr. G. GRANVILLE,

In the Countrey.

WHY, G-----lle, is thy Life confin'd,
To Shades, Thou whom the Gods
design'd

In publick, to do credit to Mankind?

Why sleeps the Noble Ardour of thy Bloud,
Which from thy Ancestors, so many Ages past,
From *Rollo*, down to *Bevil* Floud,

And then appear'd again at last,

In Thee, whom thy Victorious Lance

Bore the Disputed Prize, from all the Youth of
France, In

170 *Verses sent to Mr. Granville.*

In the first Tryals, which are made for Fame,
Those to whom Fate Success denies,
If taking Counsel from their Shame,
They modestly Retreat, they're Wise :
But, why should you, who still succeed
In all you do, whether with Graceful Art you lead
The fiery Barb, or with as Graceful Motion tread
At shining Balls, where all agree, (Thee.
To give the highest Praise, and the first Place to

So Lov'd and Prais'd, whom all Admire,
Why, why should you from Courts, or Camps
If *Celia* is unkind, (if it can be, (retire?
That any Nymph can be unkind to Thee ?)
If Pensive made by Love, you thus retire,
Awake your Muse, and string your Lyre ;
Thy tender Song, and thy Melodious Strain,
Can never be addrest in vain :
She needs will Love, and we shall have Thee
back again.

SONG.

SONG.

By Sir George Etherege.

Tell me no more you Love ; in vain,
 Fair *Celia*, You this Passion feign ;
 Can they pretend to Love, who do
 Refuse what Love perswades them to ?
 Who once has felt his Active Flame,
 Dull Laws of Honour will disdain ;
 You wou'd be thought his Slave, and yet
 You will not to his Pow'r submit.
 More Cruel then those Beauties are,
 Whose Coyness wounds us to despair ;
 For all the kindness which you shew,
 Each Smile and Kiss which you bestow,

Are

Are like those Cordials which we give
To Dying Men, to make them Live,
And Languish out an Hour in pain ;
Be Kinder, *Celia*, or Disdain.

TO

To Her EXCELLENCE, the

MARCHIONESS

OF

NEW-CASTLE,

After the Reading of Her Incomparable

POEMS.

By the same Author.

Madam,

With so much Wonder we are struck
When we begin to Read your match-
less Book ;

A while your own excess of Merit stays
Our forward Pens, and does suspend your Praise,
Till

174 *To the Marchioness of New-Castle,*
Till Time our Minds does gently recompose,
Allays this Wonder, and our Duty shews,
Instructs us how your Virtues to proclaim,
And what we ought to pay to your Great Fame ;
Your Fame, which in your Countrey has no
Bounds,
But wheresoever Learning's known, resounds.

Those Graces Nature did till now divide ;
Your Sexes Glory, and our Sexes Pride,
Are joyn'd in you, and all to you submit,
The brightest Beauty, and the sharpest Wit.
No Faction here, or fiery Envy fways,
They give you Myrtle, while we offer Bays.
What Mortal dares dispute those Wreaths with
You,
Arm'd thus with Light'ning, and with Thunder
too ?

This

This made the Great *New-Castle's* Heart your
Prize,

Your Charming Soul, and your Victorious Eyes,
Had only pow'r his Martial Mind to tame,
And raise in his Heroick Breast a Flame :
A Flame, which with his Courage still aspires,
As if Immortal Fuel fed those Fires :

This Mighty Chief, and your Great Self made
One,

Together the same Race of Glory run ;
Together in the Wings of Fame you move,
Like yours, his Vertue : And like yours, his
Love.

While we your Praise endea'ring to rehearse,
Pay that great Duty in our Humble Verse ;
Such as may justly move your Anger, You,
Like Heaven, forgive them, and accept them too.

N

But

176 *To the Marchioness of New-Castle, &c.*

But what we cannot, your brave *Hero* pays,
He builds those Monuments we strive to raise:
Such as to after Ages shall make known,
While he records your Deathless Fame, his own.
So when an Artist some rare Beauty draws,
Both in our wonder share, and our applause:
His skill from Time secures the Glorious Dame,
And makes himself Immortal in her Fame.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE TO TARTUFFE,

Spoken by Himself.

By a Person of Honour. *

MAny have been the vain attempts of Wit
Against the still-prevailing Hypocrite:
Once, and but once, a Poet got the day,
And vanquish'd *Busie* in a Puppet-play:
But *Busie* rallying, arm'd with zeal, and rage,
Possess'd the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage:
To laugh at *English* Knaves is dang'rous then,
While *English* Fools will think them Honest Men:

N. 2

But

But sure no Zealous Brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monsieur *Ananias*.

A Man may say, without being call'd an Atheist,
There are Damn'd Rogues among the *French* and
Papist,

That fix Salvation to short Band and Hair,
That belch and snuffle to prolong a Pray'r?
That use t'enjoy the Creature, to express
Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness?
And in a decent way perform them too,
As well, nay, better far, alas, than you;
Whose Fleshly Failings are but Fornication,
We Godly phrase it, Gospel-Propagation,
Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation. }
Zeal stands but Cent'ry at the Gate of Sin,
Whilst all that have the Word pass freely in
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of Spies,
You march, and take Damnation by surprize:
There's not a Roaring Blade in all this Town,
Can go so far tow'rds Hell for Half a Crown,

As

As I for Six Pence, for we know the way ;
For want of Guides, Men often go astray :
Therefore give ear to what I shall advise,
Let every Married Man, that's Grave and Wife,
Take a *Tartuff*, of known Ability,
To teach and to instruct his Family,
Who may so settle lasting Reformation,
First get his Son, then give him Education.

T H E
Imperfect Enjoyment.

By Sir George Etherege.

After a Pretty, Amorous Discourse,
She does resist my Love with a pleasing
force ;

Mov'd not with Anger, but with Modesty,
Against her will she is my Enemy.

Her Eyes the rudeness of her Arms excuse,
Whilst those accept what these seem to refuse ;
To ease my Passion, and to make me blest,
Th' obliging Smock falls from her whiter Breast ;
Then with her lovely Hands she does conceal
Those Wonders Chance so kindly did reveal ;

In

In vain, alas, her nimble Fingers strove
To shield her *Beauties* from my greedy Love ;
Guarding her Breasts, her Lips she did expose,
To save a Lilly she must lose a Rose ;
So many Charms she has in ev'ry place,
A hundred Hands cannot defend each Grace.
Sighing, at length her force she does recal,
For since I must have Part, she'll give me All.
Her Arms the joyful Conqueror embrace,
And seem to guide me to the fought-for place.
Her Love is in her sparkling Eyes express'd,
She falls o'th' Bed for Pleasure, more than rest.
But Oh, strange Passion ! Oh, Abortive Joy !
My Zeal does my Devotion quite destroy,
Come to the Temple, where I shou'd Adore
My Saint, I Worship at the sacred Door ;
Oh, cruel Chance ! The Town which did oppose
My Strength so long, now yields to my Dispose ;

When, overjoy'd with Victory, I fall
Dead at the foot of the surrender'd Wall,
Without the usual Ceremony, we
Have both fulfill'd the Am'rous Mystery,
The Action which we shou'd have joyntly
done,

Each has unluckily perform'd alone ;
The Union which our Bodies shou'd enjoy,
The Union of our eager Souls destroy.
Our Flames are punish'd by their own excess,
W'd had more Pleasure had our Loves been less ;
She Blush'd and Frown'd, perceiving we had
done

The Sport, she thought, we scarce had yet
begun.

Alas, said I, Condemn your Self, not Me ;
This is th' effect of too much Modesty.
Hence with that peevish Virtue, the Delight
Of both our Victories was lost i'th' Fight ;

Yet

Yet from my Shame, your Glory does arise,
My Weakness proves the Vigour of your Eyes :
They did consume the Victim, e're it came
Unto the Altar, with a purer Flame :
Phillis, let then this Comfort ease your Care,
Y'd been more Happy, had you been less Fair.

A
PROLOGUE
Spoken at the Opening of the
Duke's New Play-House.

By the same Author.

’ **T**IS not in this, as in the former Age,
When Wit alone suffic’d t’ Adorn the
Stage,
When things well said, an Audience cou’d Invite,
Without the hope of such a Gaudy Sight :
What with your Fathers took, wou’d take with
you,
If Wit had still the Charm of being New ;
Had

Prologue at the Duke's new Play-House. 185

Had not Enjoyment dull'd your Appetite,
She in her homely Dress wou'd yet delight ;
Such stately Theatres we need not raise,
Our Old House wou'd put off our dullest Plays.
You Gallants know, a fresh Wench of Sixteen,
May drive the Trade in *Honest Bombazine*,
And never want good Custom, shou'd she lie
In a Back-Room, two or three Stories high :
But such a Beauty as has long been known,
Though not decay'd, but to Perfection grown,
Must, if she mean to thrive in this lewd Town,
Wear Points, Lac'd-Petticoats, and a rich Gown ;
Her Lodgings too, must with her Dress agree,
Be hung with Damask, or with Tapestry ;
Have China, Cabinets, and a great Glass,
To strike respect into an Am'rous Ass.
Without the help of Stratagems and Arts,
An old Acquaintance cannot touch your Hearts.
Methinks 'tis hard our Authors shou'd submit
So tamely to their Predecessors wit,

Since,

186 *Prologue at the Duke's New Play-House.*

Since, I am sure, among you there are few
Wou'd grant your *Grandfathers* had more than
you :

But hold ! I in this business may proceed too far,
And raise a storm against our Theatre ;

And then what wou'd the wise *Adventurers* say,
Who were in a much greater Fright to day
Than ever Poet was about his Play ?

Our apprehensions none can justly blame,

Money is dearer much to us than Fame :

This thought on, let our Poets justify

The Reputation of their Poetry ;

We are resolv'd we will not have to do

With what's between those Gentlemen and you.

Be kind, and let our House have but your praise,

You're welcome every to damn their Plays.

Falling

*Falling in Love with a
Stranger at a Play.*

By Sir Charles Sedley.

FAir *Amarillis*, on the Stage, whilst you
Behold a feigned Love, you gave a true ;
I like a Coward in the Amorous War,
Came only to look on, yet got a Scar ;
Fixt by your Eyes, I had no power to flie,
They held me whilst you gain'd the Victory :
I thought I safely might my fight content,
To which the power to like (not Love) I lent ;
And if I ventur'd on some flight Discourse,
It should be such as could no Passion nurse :
Led by the treacherous lustre of your Eyes,
At last I plaid too near the Precipice :

Love

188 *Falling in Love with a Stranger, &c.*

Love came disguis'd in Wonder and Delight ;
And I was Conquer'd e're I knew him right ;
Your words fell on my Passion, like those showers
Which swell and multiply the rising Flowers ;
Like *Cupid's* self, a God, and yet a Child,
Your Looks at once were awful, and yet mild :
Methoughts you Blush'd, as Conscious of my
Flame,

Whil'st your strict Verrue did your Beauty
blame :

But rest secure ; y'are from the guilt as free,
As Saints Ador'd from our Idolatry ;
And Love, a Torment, does for me prepare,
Beyond your Rigour in my own Despair.

Indifference

Indifference Excused.

By the same Author.

Love, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
Of Sighs nor Tears to make it known ;
And to convince the Cruel'st Maid,
Lovers should use their Love alone :

Into their very Looks 'twill steal ;
And he that most will hide his Flame,
Does in that Care his Pains reveal,
Silence it self can Love proclaim.

This, *Aurelia*, made me shun
The Paths that common Lovers tread,
Whose guilty passions are begun,
Not in their Hearts, but in their Head.

I cou'd

I cou'd not figh, and with crofs'd Arms
Lament your Rigour and my Fate,
Nor tax your Beauty with fuch Charms
As Men Adore, and Women Hate :

But Carelefs Live, and without Art,
Knowing my Love you muft have fp'ide,
And thinking it a foolifh part,
To ftrive to fhew what none can hide.

To my Honoured Friend
Sir ROBERT HOWARD,
 On His Excellent Poems.

By Mr. John Dryden.

AS there is Musick uninform'd by Art
 In those wild Notes, which with a mer-
 ry Heart

The Birds in unfrequented Shades express,
 Who better taught at home, yet please us less :
 So in your Verse, a native sweetness dwells,
 Which shames Composure, and its Art excells.
 Singing, no more can your soft numbers grace,
 Than Paint adds Charms unto a Beauteous Face.

O

Yet

192 *To Sir R. Howard, on his Poems.*

Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,
Their even calmness does suppose them deep ;
Such is your Muse : No Metaphor swell'd high
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the Sky ;
Those mounting Fancies, when they fall again,
Shew Sand and Dirt at bottom do remain.

So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in *Sampson's* Riddle meet.

'Tis strange each Line so great a weight should
bear,

And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.

Either your Art hides Art, as *Stoicks* feign,
Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain ;
And we, dull Souls, admire, but cannot see
What hidden Springs within the Engine be :

Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues

Each Act and Motion of your Graceful Muse.

Or is it Fortune's Work, that in your Head

The curious * Net that is for Fancies spread,

* Rete Mirabile.

To Sir R. Howard, on his Poems. 193

Lets through its Meshes every meaner Thought,
While rich Idea's there are only caught.
Sure that's not all ; this is a piece too fair
To be the Child of Chance, and not of Care.
No Atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce so beautiful a World.
Nor dare I such a Doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the Providence of Wit.
'Tis your strong Genius then which does not feel
Those weights would make a weaker Spirit reel:
To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
Is what alone your *Pegasus* can do.
Great *Hercules* himself cou'd ne'er do more,
Than not to feel those Heav'ns and Gods he bore.
Your easier Odes, which for Delight were penn'd,
Yet our Instruction make their second end :
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that
Woos,
At once a Beauty, and a Fortune too.

194 *To Sir R. Howard, on his Poems.*

Of Moral Knowledge Poësie was Queen,
And still she might, had wanton Wits not been ;
Who like ill Guardians liv'd themselves at large,
And not content with that, debauch'd their
Charge :

Like some brave Captain, your successful Pen
Restores the Exil'd to her Crown again ;
And gives us hope, that having seen the Days
When nothing flourish'd but Fanatick Bays,
All will at length in this Opinion rest,
“ A Sober Prince's Government is best.

This is not all ; your Art the way has found
To make improvement of the richest ground,
That Soil which those Immortal Laurels bore,
That once the Sacred *Maro's* Temples wore
Elisa's Grievs, are so exprest by you,
They are too Eloquent to have been true.
Had she so spoke, *Aeneas* had obey'd
What *Dido* rather than what *Jove* had said.

To Sir R. Howard, on his Poems. 195

If Funeral Rites can give a Ghost repose,
Your Muse so justly has discharged those.
Elisa's shade may now its wandering cease,
And claim a Title to the Fields of Peace.
But if *Aeneas* be oblig'd, no less
Your kindness great *Achilles* doth confess,
Who dress'd by *Statius* in too bold a look,
Did ill become those Virgin's Robes he took.
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your Numbers, with your Authors
view ;

Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
Each figure stiff as if design'd in Buff ;
His Colours laid so thick on every place,
As only shew'd the Paint, but hid the Face.
But as in Perspective we Beauties see,
Which in the Glass, not in the Picture be ;
So here our sight obligingly mistakes
That Wealth which his your Bounty only makes.

196 *To Sir R. Howard, on his Poems.*

Thus vulgar Dishes are by Cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing than their substance priz'd,
Your curious * Notes so search into that Age,
When all was Fable but the Sacred Page,
That since in that dark Night we needs must
 stray,

We are at least misled in pleasant way.
But what we most admire, your Verse no less
The Prophet than the Poet doth confess.
E're our weak Eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
Of Light, you saw Great *Charles* his Morning
 break.

So skilful Sea-men ken the Land from far,
Which shews like Mists to the dull Passenger.
To *Charles* your Muse first pays her dutious Love,
As still the Antients did begin from *Jove*.
With *Monck* you end, whose Name preserv'd
 shall be,

* Annotations on *Statius*.

As Rome recorded * *Rufus* Memory,
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His Countrey's Interest, than the World to sway.
But to Write Worthy Things, of Worthy Men,
Is the peculiar Talent of your Pen :
Yet let me take your Mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to Prophecie.

- “ This Work by Merit, first of Fame secure,
“ Is likewise happy in its Geniture :
“ For since 'tis born when *Charles* ascends the
“ Throne,
“ It shares, at once, his Fortune and its own.

* *Hic situs est Rufus qui pulso vindice quondam.
Imperium asseruit non sibi sed Patrie.*

A N
O D E

In Imitation of

-----*Quid Bellicosus Cantabor, &c.*
Hor. Od. 11. Lib. 2.

By Mr. John How.

WHAT is't to us, who guides the State,
Who's out of Favour, or who Great,
Who are the Ministers and Spies,
Who votes for Places, or who buys.
The World will still be rul'd by Knaves
And Fools contending to be Slaves ;

Small

Small Things, my Friend, serve to support
Life, troublesom at best, and short :
Our youth runs back, occasion flies,
Grey Hairs come on, and Pleasure dies :
Who would the present Blessings lose
For Empires which he cannot use.
Kind Providence has us supply'd
With what to others is deny'd,
Virtue which teaches to condemn
And scorn ill Actions and ill Men.
Beneath this Lime-Tree's fragrant shade,
On Beds of Flowers supinely laid,
Let's then all other Cares remove,
And Drink and Sing to those we Love :
Here's to *Neera*, Heaven design'd
Perfection of the Charming kind,
Whose Beauty, Voice, and wondrous Wit
Lays all Adoring at her Feet,
Makes Angels envy, Nature vain,
And me delight in hopeless pain.

May

May ſhe be Bleſt, as ſhe is Fair,
And Pity me as I Love her ;
The reſt let's leave to the unſeen Powers,
This Moment and this Glaſs is ours.

THE

THE PLATONICK.

By Sir Charles Sedley.

FAIR *Octavia*, you are much to blame,
 To blow the fire, and wonder at the flame.
 I did converse, 'tis true, so far was mine ;
 But that I Lov'd, and hop'd, was wholly thine ;
 Not hop'd, as others do, for a return,
 But that I might without offending burn.
 I thought those Eyes which every hour enslave,
 Could not remember all the Wounds they gave :
 Forgotten in the Crowd, I wisht to lie,
 And of your Coldness, not your Anger, die ;
 Yet since you know I Love, 'tis now no time
 Longer to hide, let me excuse the Crime ;

Seeing

Seeing what Laws I to my Passion give,
Perhaps you may consent that it should live :

First, It never shall a hope advance
Of waiting on you, but by seeming chance,
I at a distance will Adore your Eyes,
As awful *Persians* do the Eastern Skies :
I never will presume to think of Sex,
Nor with gross Thoughts my Deathless Love
perplex :

I tread a pleasant path without design ;
And to thy care my Happiness resign,
From Heaven it self thy Beauty cannot be
A freer Gift than is my Love to Thee.

T O A

Devout Young Woman.

By the same Author.

P*Hillis*, this mighty Zeal allwage,
 You over-act your part ;
 The Martyrs at your tender Age,
 Gave Heaven but half their Heart.

Old Men (till past the Pleasure) ne'er
 Declaim against the Sin,
 'Tis early to begin to fear
 The Devil at Fifteen.

The

The World, to Youth, is too severe,
And like a Treacherous Light,
Beauty the Actions of the Fair
Exposes to their fight.

And yet this World, as old as 'tis,
Is oft deceiv'd by't too ;
Wife Combinations seldom miss,
Let's try what we can do.

S O N G.

S O N G.

By the same Author.

WHEN *Aurelia* first became
 The Mistress of his Heart,
 So mild and gentle was her Reign,
Thyrsts, in hers, had part.

Reserves and Care he laid aside,
 And gave his Love the Reins ;
 The headlong course he now must bid,
 No other way remains.

At first her Cruelty he fear'd,
 But that being overcome,
 No second for a while appear'd,
 And he thought all his own :

He

He call'd himself a happier Man
Than ever Lov'd before ;
Her Favours still his Hopes out-ran,
What Mortal can have more ?

Love smil'd at first, then looking grave,
Said, *Thyrsis*, leave to boast ;
More joy than all her kindness gave,
Her Fickleness will cost.

He spoke, and from that fatal time,
All *Thyrsis* did, or said,
Appear'd unwelcome, or a Crime,
To the Ungrateful Maid.

Then he despairing of her Heart,
Would fain have had his own.
Love answered, such a Nymph could part
With nothing she had won.

On the Lamented

DEATH

Of the Late

Countess of *DORSET*.

By N. Tate, *Servant to Their Majesties.*

HOME, *Shepherds*, to your Cottages retire,
Your *Dorset* Mourns; no more the Pipe
inspire.

Your Mirth is done, your Care is vain; what
need

To Tend those Flocks, that will no longer Feed?

Nature her self concern'd for Him appears,

Sables for his and her lost Darling wears,

She Sighs in Storms, and Weeps in Seas of
Tears.

P

Ev'n

Ev'n Earth that does the precious Relicks shroud,
Laments the Treasure that shou'd make her
Proud :

Alone exempted from the gen'ral Care,
The Skies rejoyce to have regain'd their Star.

Profane Disease : The Crime had been too
great,
In only Batt'ring of so fair a Seat !
Which spightfully thou quite hast undermin'd,
Because the bright Remains would still have
shin'd :

So Envious *Rome* no Method cou'd employ
Fair *Carthage* to Subdue, but to Destroy.

Mute are the Groves, where Happy Shep-
herds sung,
And *Philamel* once more has lost her Tongue ;
The Palm and Myrtle Glades no longer please :
Cypress and Yew are now the only Trees.

The

The ruthfull'st Objects, most Endearments have,
The Uncouth Vale Delights, and gloomy Cave
Can please, because it represents the Grave.

Tears our Refreshment are, our sole Relief,

To give Despair free scope,

To set the Sluces ope,

And Rowl with the Impetuous Tide of Grief.

Let the next Age the costly Tomb prepare,
To her shrin'd Image come, and seek her there;
The Present rears, beyond the Pow'r of Art,
A breathing Monument in ev'ry Heart.

What Rhet'rick can divorce, what Charms
of Verse,

The Sighing Mother from her Darling's Hearse?

To trace her Features, and her Virtues paint,

In Form an Angel, as in Life a Saint;

Are Themes ill suited to a Parent's Grief,

The Food of Sorrow, an unkind Relief:

One only Sov'raign Balm sick Nature bears,
 A Sympathizing Royal Mourners Tears :
 Though Gods, nor Goddeffes, may Fate reverse,
 Our Goddeffs Weeping Consecrates the Hearse.

Behold, forlorn the Muses Patron laid,
 With Mourning *Cupids* in the Cypress shade ;
 Of Fate, nor cruel Skies, he once complains,
 But inwardly the Conflict deep sustains,
 The struggling Tumult in his Breast restrains.

O DORSET, cou'd our Worthless Live
 pretend
 (Whose Comforts only on thy Smiles depend)
 To Bribe thy Griefs, how pleas'd cou'd we resign
 Our Breaths, compounding for one Pang of thine.
 Our Useless Breaths are tender'd now in vain,
 Since Tuneful Notes no more must chear the Plain,
 Let Numbers cease; for whom shou'd they relieve,
 That can no Comfort to their Patron give ?

Yet

Yet, *DORSET*, Live, in pity to the Age,
That to Condole thy Loss forgets its Rage;
The Impious Age still from one Crime is free,
Mad with Intestine Strife, we all agree,
As in Admiring in Lamenting Thee !

Let those dear Pledges Intercede at least,
The Living Relicks of the Fair Deceas'd ;
Till Infant Beauty to full Bloom arrives,
The Mother's Virtues, and her Charms revives :
Till Dawning *Buckhurst* to his Zenith rise,
And gild (like you) and warm our Northern Skies.
Till then Indulge our dearest Wishes scope,
Next Age's *DORSET*, *Britain's* second Hope.

T O
CHLORIS.

By Sir Charles Sedley.

C*hloris*, I cannot say, your Eyes
Did my unwary Heart surprize,
Nor will I swear it was your Face,
Your Shape, or any nameless Grace;
For you are so entirely Fair,
To Love a part, injustice were;
No drowning Man can know which drop
Of water his last breath did stop;
So when the Stars in Heaven appear,
And joyn to make the Night look clear;

The Light we no one's Bounty call,
 But the united work of all ;
 He that both Lips, or Hands adore,
 Deserves them only, and no more ;
 But I Love all, and every part,
 And nothing less can ease my Heart.
Cupid that Lover weakly strikes,
 Who can express what 'tis he likes.

S O N G.

By the same Author.

A Urelia, Art thou mad
To let the World in me
Envy Joys I never had,
And censure them in Thee.

Fill'd with grief for what is past,
Let us at length be wise,
And the Banquet boldly taste,
Since we have paid the price.

Love does easie Souls despise,
Who lose themselves for Toys,
And Escape for those devise,
Who taste his utmost Joys.

To

To be thus for Trifles blam'd,
Like theirs a Folly is,
Who are for vain Swearing Damn'd,
And knew no higher Blifs.

Love should like the Year be Crown'd,
With sweet variety ;
Hope should in the Spring be found
Kind Fears, and Jealousie.

In the Summer Flowers should rise,
And in the Autumn Fruit ;
His Spring doth else but mock our Eyes,
And in a Scoff Salute.

SONG.

S O N G.

By the same Author.

LOVE still has something of the Sea,
From whence his Mother rose ;
No time his Slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their Thoughts repose :

They are becalm'd in clearest Days,
And in rough weather tost ;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in Tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the Port,
Then straight into the Main,
Some angry Wind, in cruel sport,
Their Vessel drives again.

At first, Disdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to scape,
Rivals and falshood soon appear
In a more dreadful Shape.

By such degrees to Joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the Sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis Cruel to prolong a Pain ;
And to defer a Bliss :
Believe me, gentle *Hermione*
No less Inhumane is.

And Hundred Thousand Oaths your Fears
Perhaps would not remove ;
And if I gaz'd a Thousand Years,
I could no deeper Love,

'Tis

'Tis fitter much for you to guess,
Than for me to explain ;
But grant, O grant that Happiness
Which only does remain,

A DI-

A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
AMINTAS and *CELIA*.

By the same Author.

Celia. **A** *Mintas*, I am come alone,
According as I said ;
But whither is thy Honour flown ?
I fear I am betray'd :
The Looks are chang'd, and in the place
Of Innocent Desires,
Methinks I see thy Eyes and Face
Burn with unusual Fires.

Amintas.

Amintas. Sees not my *Celia* Nature wear
One Countenance in the Spring,
And yet another Shape prepare,
To bring the Harvest in?
Look on the Eagle, how unlike
He to the Egg is found,
When he prepares his Pounce to strike
His Prey against the ground.
Fears might my Infant Love become;
'Twere want of kindness now,
Should Modesty my Hope benum,
Or check what you allow.

Celia. *Amintas*, hold, What could you worse
To worst of Women do?
Ah! How could you a Passion nurse
So much my Honour's Foe?

Amintas.

Amintas. Make not an Idol of a Toy,
Which every breath can shake,
Which all must have, or none enjoy,
What course so e'er we take :
Whil'st Women hate, or Men are vain,
You cannot be secure ;
What makes my *Celia* then a pain
So fruitless to endure ?

Celia. Could I the World neglect for Thee,
Thy Love, though dear it cost,
In some unkind Conceit of me,
Would be untimely lost :
Thou would'st thy own Example fear,
And every heedless word
I chance let fall beyond thy Care,
Would some new doubt afford.

Amintas.

Amintas. If I am Jealous, 'tis because
I know not where you Love ;
With me fulfil Love's gentle Laws,
And all my Fears remove.

Celia. Women, like things, at second hand,
Do half their Value lose ;
But whilst all Courtship they withstand,
May at their Pleasure choose.

Amintas. This were a fine Discourse, my
Dear,
If we were not alone ;
But now Love whispers in my Ear,
There's somewhat to be done.
She said, she never would forgive ;
He Kissing, swore she should ;
And told her she was mad to strive
Against their Mutual Good.

What

What farther past, I cannot tell,
But sure not much amiss ;
He vow'd he Lov'd her dearly well,
She answered with a Kiss.

Q

SONG.

THE
LAMENTATIONS
OF
JEREMIAH.

By Mrs. Wharton.

CHAP. I.

The ARGUMENT.

Verse 1. *The Miserable Estate of Jerusalem, by reason of her Sin.* 12. *She Complaineth of her Grief.* 18. *And confesseth God's Judgments to be Righteous.*

1. **H**OW doth the Mournful Widow'd City bow?

She that was once so great : Alas, how low ?

Once fill'd with Joy, with Desolation now.

2. Tears

2. Tears on her Cheeks, and Sables on her Head ;

She mourns her Lover's lost, and Comfort's Dead.

Alas, alas, lost City, where are those,

So proud once to be Friends, now turn'd her Foes ?

3. *Judah* is gone ; alas, to Bondage gone,

Amongst the Heathen *Judah* mourns alone,

Griev'd, and in Servitude, she finds no rest,

Follow'd by none but those by whom oppress'd.

4. The Feasts of *Zion*, no one now attends,

Unhappy *Zion*, destitute of Friends :

Her Priests still Sigh, and all her Virgins Mourn,

Because her Gladness now finds no return.

5. Her Enemies are great, and ever nigh,

Still Fortunate, because her Crimes were high :

226 *The Lamentations of Jeremiah.*

Her Captiv'd Children, still her guilt upbraid,
Who Mourn whilst their Insulting Foes Invade.

6. Her Beauty which excell'd, is now no more
That brightness which all Nations did Adore ;
Here Princes are like hunted Harts become,
Breathless and Faint, whilst the Pursuit goes on :
Alas for *Zion*, all their Strength is gone.

7. *Jerusalem* then thought upon the Hour
When she was Crown'd with Peace, Delight,
and Power ;
Thoughts once so Joyful, Mournful now and
Vain,
The Foe Insults, whilst she no help sustains,
Mocking both at her Sabbaths and her Pains.

8. Her Crimes have caus'd her to be far re-
mov'd,
Jerusalem, who was so well lov'd.

All those who in her Pride admir'd her Fame,
Despise her now, because they've seen her Shame:
Sighing she turns away, with Shame distressed,
Amaz'd, Despis'd, Deserted and Opprest.

9. Circl'd with Guilt and Shame, she cannot fly,
Her Comforts far remov'd, her End too nigh;
She vainly think, on that 'tis now too late,
Behold those Grievs, which no one can repeat,
Her Fall is steep, and all her Foes are great.

10. Her Sanctuary is by them betray'd,
All her Delights they carelessly invade,
Even the Heathen, of whom God had said,
They should not in her Holy Temple tread.

11. Her hungry People sigh, and give away
For Bread, their Treasures, lest their Lives decay.
Consider, Lord, see her with Gares bow'd down,
For I am Vile, and Zion left alone.

228 *The Lamentations of Jeremiah.*

12. All you who pass this way behold and see,
Are my Griefs small? Do others grieve like me?
Are not these Sorrows, under which I bow,
With which the Lord hath brought my Soul so
low?

Turn back and Mourn with me, because my Lord
In his fierce Anger doth no Peace afford.

13. He from above hath Flames and Horrour
sent,
Circling my Soul with Pain and Discontent;
His Snares, alas, my weary Feet betray,
Whilst Desolate and Faint, I Mourn all Day
For *Zion* lost, her Glory thrown away.

14. Our Sins have brought those Chains which
his Command
Hath fastn'd now (who can his Power with-
stand?)
Now they are link'd by his Almighty Hand.

The

The Lord forfakes, and I am now the scorn
Of Enemies, because of God forlorn :
He was my Strength, and now, alas, 'tis gone.

15. My Mighty Men are all by him cast down,
They're crush'd by numbers, and I'm left alone;
Whilst silently thy Virgin Daughters Mourn,
Unhappy Mournful *Judah* left Forlorn.

16. For this I Weep, and waste my self in
Tears,
Because her Help's far off, and Sorrow's near :
Ah, wretched *Judah*, where is now thy hope?
Thy Foes still triumph whilst thy Children
droop.

17. *Zion* spreads forth her Arms to be reliev'd,
But who can Comfort whom the Lord hath
Griev'd?

230 *The Lamentations of Jeremiah.*

Her Enemies increase and flourish still,
By his Command, by his all-powerful Will.
Ah, wretched City, scorn'd and sham'd by all,
Who can enough lament thy dreadful Fall ?

18. Yet he is Just, for I am Guilty found,
The Lord, with Righteousness is always Crown'd.
Ye that pass by, see me with Sorrows Drown'd,
My weight of Sin hath press'd me to the Ground.
Who is it now my Freedom can restore ?
My Youth and Captive Virgins are no more.

19. I call'd for all my Friends, but they were
gone,
Friendship grows cold, when Misery comes on :
With Hunger pin'd, my Priests and Rulers Dy'd,
Within my Walls perish'd my Strength and Guide.

20. My Crimes were great, so are my Sorrows
Behold my Lord, see the Afflicted bow ; (now,
Abroad

Abroad th' unwearied Sword bereaves of Breath,
And Grief at Home, is a more Cruel Death.

21. All round me hear my Sighs, and see my
Tears,

Whilst there is none that can relieve my Cares :

My Foes hear, and rejoyce at what is done :

But thou wilt surely, Lord, at last return,

And then the Enemy, like me, will Mourn.

}

22. Their Crimes are great, turn, Mighty
Lord, and see,

Afflict 'em then, as thou Afflictest me.

My Griefs are great, turn therefore and Relent ;

My Sighs are many, and my Heart is Faint.

T O

T O
C E L I A.

By an Unknown Hand.

ALL things submit themselves to your
Command,

Fair *Celia*, when it does not Love withstand ;
The power it borrowed from your Eyes alone,
All but himself would yield to who has none ;
Were he not blind, such are the Charms you
have,

He'd quit his Godhead to become your Slave.
Be proud to act a Mortal *Hero's* part,
And throw himself, for Fame, on his own Dart?

But

But Fate hath otherwise dispos'd of things,
 In different Bonds Subjecting Slaves, and Kings.
 That Fate (like you, resistless) does ordain
 That Love alone should over Beauty Reign,
 By Harmony the Universe does move ;
 And what is Harmony, but Mutual Love ?
 See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,
 Kissing the rugged Banks on either side,
 Whil'st in their Crystal Stream at once they
 flow,
 And with them feed the Flowers which they
 bestow ;
 Though prest upon by their too rude Imbrace,
 In gentle Murmurs they keep on their pace
 To their Lov'd Sea ; for even Streams have
 Desires,
 Cool as they are, they feel Love's Pow'rful
 Fires,
 And with such Passion, that if any force
 Stop, or molest 'em in their Am'rous Course,
They

They swell with Rage, break down, and Ravage o'er

The Banks they Kiss'd, the Flowers they fed before.

Who would resist an Empire so Divine,

Which Universal Nature does enjoyn?

Submit then *Celia* e're you be reduc'd :

For Rebels Vanquisht once, are vilely us'd.

And such are you, when e're you dare obey

Another Passion, and your Love betray.

You are Love's Citadels, by you he reigns,

And his proud Empire o'er the World maintains;

He trusts you with his Stratagems and Arms,

His Frowns, his Smiles, and all his Conquering

Charms.

Beauty's no more but the dead Soil which Love

Manures, and does by wise Commerce improve ;

Sailing by Sighs, through Seas of Tears, he sends

Courtship from Foreign Hearts : For your own

Ends

Cherish

Cherish a Trade ; for as with *Indians* we
 Get Gold and Jewels for our Trumpery ;
 So to each other, for their useles Toys,
 Lovers afford Inestimable Joys :
 But if you're fond of Trifles, be, and Starve,
 Your Gugaw Reputation preserve ;
 Live upon Modesty and empty Fame,
 Foregoing Sense, for a Fantaſtick Name.

SONG.

S O N G.

*By a Person of Honour. **

AS he lay in the Plain, his Arm under his
Head,

And his Flock feeding by, the fond *Celadon* said,
If Love's a Sweet Passion, why does it Torment?
If a Bitter (said he) whence are Lovers Content?
Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I com-
plain,

Or grieve at my Fate, when I know, 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
That at once it both Wounds me, and Tickles
my Heart.

To my self I sigh often, without knowing why;
And when Absent from *Phillis*, methinks I could
Die;

But

But Oh ! what a Pleasure still follows my Pain ;
When kind Fortune do's help me to see her again.
In her Eyes (the bright Stars that foretel what's
to come,)

By soft stealth now and then I examine my Doom.
I press her Hand gently, look languishing down,
And by Passionate Silence I make my Love known.
But Oh ! how I'm Blest, when so kind she do's
prove,

By some willing Mistake to discover her Love ;
When in striving to hide, she reveals all her
Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare
name.

A

S O N G.

By Mrs. Wharton.

HOW hardly I conceal'd my Tears?
How oft did I complain?
When many tedious Days my Fears
Told me I Lov'd in vain.

But now my Joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be conceal'd :
Sorrow may make a silent Moan,
But Joy will be reveal'd.

I tell

I tell it to the Bleating Flocks,
To every Stream and Tree,
And Bless the Hollow Murmuring Rocks,
For Echoing back to me.

Thus you may see with how much Joy
We Want, we Wish, Believe ;
'Tis hard such Passion to Destroy,
But easie to Deceive.

R

ON

ON THE
STORM
BETWEEN

Gravesend and Diepe ;

Made at that Time.

By the same Author.

When the Tempestuous Sea did foam
and roar,

Tossing the Bark from the long-wish'd for Shore ;

With false affected fondness it betray'd,

Striving to keep what Perish'd, if it stay'd.

Such is the Love of Impious Men, where e're

Their cruel Kindness lights, 'tis to ensnare :

I,

I, toss'd in tedious Storms of troubled Thought,
Was careless of the Waves the Ocean brought.
My Anchor *Hope* was lost, and too too near
On either hand were Rocks of sad Despair.
Mistaken Seamen prais'd my fearless Mind,
Which, sunk in Seas of Grief, could dare the
Wind.

In Life, tempestuous Life is dread and harm,
Approaching Death had no unpleasing Form;
Approaching Death appeases ev'ry Storm.

T O

Mrs. A. B E H N,

On what she Writ of
The Earl of Rochester.

By the same Author.

IN pleasing Transport rap't, my Thoughts
 aspire

With humble Verse to Praise what you Admire:
 Few living Poets may the Laurel claim,
 Most pass thro' Death, to reach at Living Fame.
 Fame, Phoenix like, still rises from a Tomb;
 But bravely you this Custom have o'ercome.

You

You force an Homage from each Generous
Heart,

Such as you always pay to just Desert.

You prais'd him Living, whom you Dead be-
moan,

And now your Tears afresh his Laurel crown.

It is this Flight of yours excites my Art,

Weak as it is, to take your Muse's part,

And pay loud Thanks back from my bleeding
Heart.

May you in every pleasing Grace excel,

May Bright *Apollo* in your Bosome dwell ;

May yours excel the Matchless *Sappho's* Name ;

May you have all her Wit, without her Shame :

Tho' she to Honour gave a fatal Wound,

Employ your Hand to raise it from the ground.

Right its wrong'd Cause with your Inticing
Strain,

Its ruin'd Temples try to build again.

Scorn meaner Theams, declining low desire,
And bid your Muse maintain a Vestal Fire.

If you do this, what Glory will insue,

To all our Sex, to Poësie, and you?

Write on, and may your Numbers ever flow,

Soft as the Wishes that I make for you,

TO

T O
MELPOMENE
 AGAINST
COMPLAINT.

By the same Author.

IN soft Complaints no longer ease I find,
 That latest refuge of a Tortur'd Mind ;
 Romantick Heros may their Fancy please
 In telling of their Grievs to senceless Trees.
 'Tis now to me no pleasure to rehearse
 A doleful Tale in Melancholy Verse !
 Men are more Deaf than Trees, more Wild than
 Seas :

Complaints and Tears will sooner Storms appease,

R 4

Than

246 *To Melpomene against Complaint.*

Than draw soft pity from an Humane Breast.
All Sooth the Happy, and Despise the Opprest.
Each Man who lives, of sorrow hath his share,
Or else of Pride, and cannot pity spare,
For those whose weight is more than one can
bear.

All who are happy, do their Merit boast,
Think Heaven owes 'em more, and Heav'n is Just.
Still they observe the Opprest with Partial Eyes,
And think their Crimes draw Vengeance from
the Skies.

But were they gentle, pitiful, and mild,
Not (as they are) rough, unconcern'd and wild.
What Joy can pity bring on other's Grief?
For what I feel, affords me no relief;
To see another's Eyes with pity melt,
For wretched me, would add to what I felt.
Since in Complaints there can no ease be found,
For such an Heart as mine in sorrow drown'd.

Sleep,

To Melpomene against Complaint. 247

Sleep, sleep, *Melpomene*, thou, mournful Muse :
For of my Torments, I will thee accuse.

I'll say thou keep'st 'em waking with thy Charms,
And drives soft slumbers from my Longing Arms.

Sleep, sleep, my Muse, and let my Cares alone ;
But if thou wilt not, since thy Harp is strung,

Attend a while, and, like a dying Swan,

My latest Accents shall be sweetly sung.

W I T's

WIT's ABUSE.

By the same Author.

I Ask not why *Astrea* fled away,
 But wonder more, why any Vertues stay ;
 In such a World, where they are made a scorn,
 Oppress'd by numerous Vice, mangled and torn,
 Wounded by Laughter, and by Wit forlorn. }
 I mean not here by Wit, what's truly so,
 But that false Coin which does for Current go.
 'Tis certain but a few can Judgment make
 Of such a gift, which but a few partake.
 Ignorant Judges may decide a Cause,
 Sooner against, than for Concealed Laws.

This

This is Wit's Pledge, but few those Precepts
know,

Which many false Pretenders over-throw,

And yet amongst those very few, there are

Some who betray that Glorious Character ;

Whilst low-born Falshood goes for Heavenly

Wit ;

How many aim at what so few can hit ?

The Trade of Hell was never hard to get.

Thus these Intruders double ends pursue,

Rooting out Wit, they root out Vertue too.

Soft pity passes now for Servile Fear,

A generous scorn of Life for mean despair.

Truth and Sincerity the Fools proclaim,

Which witty falshood always load with shame.

An Active Soul affected Notions prove,

Out-flying common Thoughts, or private Love,

Thus tho' each Vertue in it self they hate,

They love to make it add to a Deceit.

Undress'd

Undress'd 'tis scorn'd ; but favour'd and allow'd,
When to the Neighbouring Vice it lends a Cloud.

Thus the Inconstant Empress of the Night,

Tho' foul, and spotted, cloaths her self with

Light,

And can with borrow'd Beams be always

bright.

MY

MY FATE.

By the same Author.

Raising my drooping Head, o'er charg'd
 with Thought,
 Having each Scene of Life before me brought ;
 I chid my self because I durst repine
 At Nature's Laws, or those that were Divine.
 Throughout the whole Creation 'tis the same,
 The Fuel is devoured by the Flame ;
 Each peaceful, harmless, unoffending thing
 Is to the Offender made an Offering :
 Even God himself. Hold, my aspiring Thought ;
 Descend, my Muse, thy flight too high is wrought ;
 Tell not, how He, all peaceful, and all kind,
 Was offer'd for the vilest of Mankind ;
 A Victim for the vilest was design'd.

Descend,

Descend, I say, my Muse ; low things afford
Theams high enough for thee : Touch not the
Word,

Till he hath touch'd thy Wings with Grace
Divine,

Then, only his, thou shalt the World decline.

The harmless Dove the Falcon doth betray ;

The Lamb is to the Wolf become a Prey ;

And Men to whom free will Heaven doth impart,

To follow still the Counsels of his Heart,

If wrack'd with doubt ; if harmless, he designs

Peace to his Heart, and still his Wish confines

Justice to Peace, and Love to Quiet joyns.

Why then the Dove-like Fate will sure be his ;

Short is his Life, unsettled is his Bliss :

Hard Fate ; that choice we eagerly pursue,

Is, or to be undone, or to undo.

ON THE
 DEATH
 OF
 Mr. *Abraham Cowley*,
 AND HIS
 BURIAL
 IN
Westminster-Abbey.

By the Earl of Orrery.

OUR Wit, till *Cowley* did its lustre raise,
 May be resembled to the first Three Days,
 In which did shine only such streaks of Light
 As serv'd but to distinguish Day from Night:

But

254 *On the Death of Mr. A. Cowley.*

But Wit breaks forth, in all that he has done,
Like Light when 'twas united in the Sun.

The Poets formerly did lie in wait
To rifle those whom they would imitate :
We Watch'd to rob all strangers when they writ,
And learnt their Language but to steal their Wit.
He from that need his Country does redeem,
Since those who want may be supply'd from him;
And Foreign Nations now may borrow more
From *Cowley*, than we could from them before :
Who though he condescended to admit
The *Greeks* and *Romans* for his Guides in Wit ;
Yet he those Ancient Poets does pursue,
But as the *Spaniards* great *Columbus* do ;
He taught them first to the New World to steer,
But they possess all that is precious there.

When first his Spring of Wit began to flow,
It rais'd in some, Wonder and Sorrow too,
That

On the Death of Mr. A. Cowley. 255

That God had so much Wit and Knowledge
lent,

And that they were not in his Praises spent.

But those who in his *Dauid's* look,
Find they his *Blossoms* for his *Fruit* mistook :

In diff'ring Ages diff'rent Muses shin'd,

His Green did Charm the Sense, his Ripe the
Mind.

Writing for Heaven, he was inspir'd from
thence,

And from his Theam deriv'd his Influence.

The Scripture will no more the Wicked fright :

His Muse does make Religion a Delight.

Oh how severely Man is us'd by Fate !

The Covetous toil long for an Estate ;

And having got more than their Life can spend,

They may bequeath it to a Son, or Friend :

256 *On the Death of Mr. A. Cowley.*

But Learning (in which none can have a share,
Unless they climb to it by Time and Care,
Learning, the truest Wealth which Man can
have)

Does, with his Body, perish in his Grave :
To Tenements of Clay it is confin'd,
Tho' 'tis the Noblest Purchase of the Mind :
Oh, why can we thus leave our Friends possesst
Of all our Acquisitions but the best ?

Still when we study *Cowley* we lament,
That to the World he was no longer lent ;
Who, like a Lightning, to our Eyes was
shown,
So bright he shin'd, and was so quickly gone.
Sure he rejoyc'd to see his flame expire,
Since he himself could not have rais'd it higher ;
For when wise Poets can no higher flie,
They would, like Saints, in their perfection die.

Though

Though Beauty some Affection in him bred,
Yet only Sacred Learning he would wed ;
By which th' Illustrious Offspring of his Brain,
Shall over Wit's great Empire ever Reign :
His Works shall Live, when Pyramids of Pride
Shrink to such Ashes as they long did hide.

That Sacrilegious Fire (which did last Year
Level those Piles which Piety did rear)
Dreaded near that Majestick Church to flie,
Where *English* Kings, and *English* Poets lie : —
It at an awful distance did expire,
Such pow'r had Sacred Ashes o'er that Fire ;
Such as it durst not near that Structure come
Which Fate had order'd to be *Cowley's* Tomb ;
And 'twill be still preserv'd, by being so,
From what the rage of future Flames can do.
Material Fire dares not that place infest,
Where he who had immortal Flame does rest.

258 *On the Death of Mr. A. Cowley.*

There let his Urn remain ; for it was fit
Amongst our Kings to lay the King of Wit :
By which the Structure more renown'd will
 prove
For that part bury'd, than for all above.

ON

ON THE
 DEATH
 OF
 King CHARLES II.

Writ at that Time,

By the Honourable Charles Montague.

Farewel, Great *Charles*, Monarch of blest
 Renown,
 The best Good Man, that ever fill'd a Throne :
 Whom Nature, as her highest Pattern, wrought,
 And mixt both Sex's Vertues in one Draught.

S 3

Wisdom

160 On the Death of King Charles II.

Wisdom for Councils, Bravery in War,
With all the mild Good-nature of the Fair.
The Womans sweetness temper'd Manly Wit,
And Loving Power did Crown'd with Meek-
ness fit ;
His awful Person Reverence engag'd,
Which mild Address and Tenderneſs aſſwag'd :
Thus the Almighty Gracious King above,
Does both command our Fear, and win our
Love.

With Wonders born, by Miracles preserv'd,
A Heavenly Hoſt the Infants Cradle ſerv'd.
And Men His healing Empire's Omen read,
When *Sun* with *Stars*, and *Day* with *Night*,
agreed.

His Youth for valorous Patience was renown'd,
Like *David*, persecuted firſt, then Crown'd.
Lov'd in all Courts, admir'd, where e'er he came,
At once our Nation's Glory, and its Shame :

They

On the Death of King Charles II. 261

They blest the *Isle*, where such great Spirits
dwell,

Abhorr'd the Men, that could such worth expel.

To spare our Lives, He meekly did defeat

Those *Sauls*, whom *wand'ring Asses* made so
great;

Waiting, till Heaven's Election should be shown,

And the *Almighty* should His *Unction* own,

And own He did---His powerful Arm display'd

And *Israel*, the Belov'd of *God*, obey'd,

Call'd by His Peoples Tears, He came, He eas'd

The groaning Nation, the black Storms appeas'd:

Did greater Blessings, than He took, afford,

England it Self, was more, than He, Restor'd,

Unhappy *Albion*, by strange Ills oppress'd,

In various Feavers tost, could find no rest:

Quite spent and wearied, to His Arms She fled,

And rested on His Shoulders, her fair bending

Head.

262 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

In Conquests Mild, He came from Exile
kind,
No Climes, no Provocations, chang'd His Mind :
No Malice show'd, no Hate, Revenge, or Pride,
But *Rul'd* as *Meekly*, as His *Father* Dy'd ;
Eas'd us from endless Wars, made Discords cease,
Restor'd to Quiet, and maintain'd in Peace :
A mighty Series of new Time began,
And rowling Years in joyful Circles ran.
Then Wealth the City, business fill'd the Port,
To Mirth our Tumults turn'd, our Wars to Sport :
Then Learning flourish'd, blooming Arts did
spring,
And the glad *Muses* prun'd their drooping wing.
Then did our *flying Towers* improvement know,
Who *now* command as far, as Winds can blow.
With Canvass Wings round all the Globe they
fly,
And, built by *Charles* His Art, all Storms defie :
To

On the Death of King Charles II. 263

To ev'ry Coast with ready Sails are hurl'd,
Fill Us with Wealth, and with our Fame the
World :

From whose Distractions Seas do us divide ;
Their Riches here in floating Castles ride.

We reap the swarthy *Indian's* Sweat and Toil,
Their Fruit, without the mischiefs of their Soil.
Here in cool Shades their Gold, and Pearls re-
ceive,

Free from the heat, which does their lustre give.

In *Persian* Silks, eat *Eastern* Spice ; secure
From burning Fluxes, and their Calenture.

Under our Vines upon the peaceful Shore,
We see all *Europe* toft, hear Tempests roar :

Rapine, Sword, Wars, and Famine rage abroad,
While *Charles* their Host, like *Jove* from *Ida*,
aw'd ;

Us from our Foes, and from our selves did shield,
Our Towns from Tumults, and from Arms the
Field.

For,

264 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

For, when bold Fa^ctions *Goodness* could disdain,
Unwillingly He us'd a straiter Rein :

In the *still gentle Voice* He lov'd to speak,
But could with Thunder harden'd Rebels break.
Yet though they wake't the Laws, His tender
Mind

Was undisturb'd, in Wrath severely Kind.

Tempting His Power, and urging to assume ;
Thus *Jove* in Love did *Semele* consume.

As the Stout Oak, when round his Trunk the
Vine

Does in soft wreaths, and amorous foldings twine,
Easie and slight appears : The Winds from far
Summon their noisie Forces to the War,

But though so gentle seems his outward form,
His hidden strength outbraves the loudest storm :
Firmer he stands, and boldly keeps the Field,
Showing stout Minds, when unprovok'd, are
mild.

On the Death of King Charles II. 265

So when the *Good Man* made the Crowd pre-
sume,

He show'd himself, and did the *King* Assume :

For Goodness in Excess may be a sin,

Justice must *tame*, whom *Mercy* cannot win.

Thus Winter fixes the unstable Sea,

And teaches restless Water constancy,

Which under the warm influence of bright days,

The fickle motion of each Blast obeys.

To bridle Factions, stop Rebellion's course,

By easie Methods, vanquish without force,

Relieve the Good, bold stubborn Foes subdue,

Mildness in Wrath, Meekness in Anger shew,

Were Arts, Great *Charles* His Prudence only

knew.

To fright the Bad thus awful *Thunder* rolls ;

While the bright *Bow* secures the Faithful

Souls.

Such

266 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

Such is thy Glory, *Charles*, thy lasting Name,
Brighter than our proud *Neighbour's* guilty
Fame :

More noble than the Spoils, that Battles yield,
Or all the empty Triumphs of the Field.

'Tis less to Conquer, than to make Wars cease,
And without fighting, awe the World to Peace ;
For proudest Triumphs from Contempt arise,
The vanquish'd first the Conquerours Arms
despise,

Won Ensigns are the gaudy marks of scorn,
They brave the Victor first and then adorn.
But peaceful Monarchs Reign like Gods ; while
none

Dispute, all Love, bless, Reverence their Throne.
Tigers, and Bears, with all the Savage Host,
May Boldness, Strength, and daring Conquest
boast :

But

On the Death of King Charles II. 267

But the sweet Passions of a Generous Mind,
Are the Prerogative of Humane kind,
The God-like Image, on our Clay imprest,
The Darling Attribute, which Heaven loves best.
In *Charles*, so Good a *Man* and *King*, we see
A double Image of the Deity.

Oh ! Had He more resembled It ! Oh why
Was He not still more like ; and could not die ?
Now do our Thoughts alone enjoy His Name,
And faint *Ideas* of our Blessing frame !

In *Thames*, the Ocean's Darling, *England's* Pride,
The pleasing Emblem of his Reign does glide.

Thames the support, and Glory of our Isle,

Richer, than *Tagus*, or *Ægyptian Nile*.

Though no rich Sand in him, no Pearls are
found,

Yet Fields rejoyce, his Meadows laugh around ;
Less Wealth his Bosom holds, less guilty stores,
For he Exhausts himself, t'enrich the Shores :

Mild,

268 *On the Death of King Charles II.*

Mild, and Serene, the peaceful Current flows,
No angry foam, no raging Surges knows.

No dreadful Wreck upon his Banks appears,
His Crystal Stream unstain'd by Widow's
Tears,

His Chancel strong and easie, deep and clear.

No Arbitrary Inundations sweep

The Plowman's Hopes, and Life into the deep,
The Even Waters the old Limits keep.

But oh! He Ebbs, the smiling Waves decay,

(For ever, Lovely Stream, for ever stay!)

To the black Sea his silent course does bend,

Where the best Streams, the longest Rivers, end.

His spotless Waves there undistinguish'd pass,

None see, how Clear, how Bounteous, Sweet,
he was.

No difference, now, (though late so much) is
seen,

'Twixt Him, fierce *Rhine*, and the Impetuous
Seyne.

But

On the Death of King Charles II. 269

But lo! The Joyful Tide our Hopes restores,
And dancing Waves extend the wid'ning Shores.
JAMES is our CHARLES in all things but
in Name :

Thus *Thames* is daily lost, yet still the same.

T

ON

ON THE
MARRIAGE
Of the LADY
MARY
WITH THE
Prince of ORANGE.

By Edmond Waller, in the Year 1677.

AS once the Lyon Honey gave,
Out of the strong such Sweetness came:
A Royal Hero, no less brave,
Produc'd this Sweet, this Lovely Dame.

To

To her the Prince, that did oppose
Such mighty Armies in the Field,
And *Holland* from prevailing Foes
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not *Belgia's* Fleet (his high Command)
Which Triumphs where the Sun does rise,
Nor all the force he leads by Land,
Could guard him from her Conquering Eyes.

Orange with Youth Experience has,
In Action Young, in Counsel Old ;
Orange is what *Augustus* was,
Brave, Wary, Provident and Bold.

On that fair Tree, which bears his Name,
Blossoms and Fruit at once are found ;
In him we all admire the fame,
His Flowery Youth with Wisdom Crown'd,

Empire and Freedom Reconcil'd,
In *Holland* are, by Great *Nassaw*,
Like those he sprung from, Just and Mild,
To willing People he gives Law.

Thrice happy Pair, so near Ally'd
In Royal Blood, and Virtue too ;
Now Love has you together ty'd,
Let none this Triple Knot undoe.

The Church shall be the happy place,
Where Streams which from the same Source run,
(Tho' divers Lands awhile they grace)
United there again make one.

A thousand Thanks the Nation owes
To him that does protect us all,
For while he thus his Niece bestows,
About our Isle he builds a Wall.

A Wall like that, which *Athens* had,
By th' Oracle's Advice, of Wood :
Had theirs been such, as *Charles* has made,
That Mighty State till now had stood.

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